Newport Mercury.

HOPE

THE OLDEST PAPER IN AMERICA. ESTABLISHED BY FRANKLIN 1758.

VOLUME CL.--NO. 49. NEWPORT, R. I., MAY 16, 1908. WHOLE NUMBER 8,430.

The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

182 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fiftieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: $2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Percy Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays

NEWPORT TENT, No. 13, Knights of Maccabees—George A. Peckham, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 6079, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Bruce Butterton, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss B. M. Casey, President; Miss B. M. Danaby, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Harry L. Burbidge, Master Workman; Perry B. Dawley, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALBONE LODGE, No. 93, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kittie G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—David Davis, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett I. Gorton, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN McLEOD, No. 163—Robert B. Munroe, chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

At the regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening there were several matters of importance brought up for consideration. A number of licenses were granted, including licenses for moving picture theatres in the building formerly occupied by the Crown Clothing Company and in the building formerly by McMullin & Holmes' Five and Ten Cent Store. There was a discussion with Manager Wright of the Providence Telephone Company over the matter of rates charged the city, and Mayor Clarke was made a committee to meet with the officers of the company and talk over matters. There was present a representative of the Rockport Granite Company to inquire about their bid for granite blocks for the Thames street pavement, and the awarding of the contract to Booth Brothers was explained by members of the board. Communications in regard to union labor on the new school building were received.

A communication was received regarding the schoolhouse bonds, suggesting that it would be better if the bonds are made payable in Boston than in Newport. The resolution cannot be changed except by action of the representative council. A communication regarding damages to the Hall estate by a city hydrant was referred to the street commissioner. The matter of paying the judgment awarded to Warren Brothers against the city was referred to the representative council on motion of Alderman Boyle.

John P. Sanborn of Newport was elected Supreme Treasurer of the New England Order of Protection, in Boston on Tuesday, for the eighteenth time. During the time of his service the Order has grown from eleven thousand to forty-six thousand members.

Mrs. Johnson, wife of Rev. Edward A. Johnson, D. D., was operated upon for the third time at the Newport Hospital on Thursday. The patient is doing as well as could be expected and a speedy recovery is anticipated.

Department Commander William O. Milne, accompanied by his staff and Commander James H. Hampton, paid an official visit to Arnold Post in Providence Monday evening.

Mr. David E. Flynn of this city was one of the graduates on Monday from the Baltimore Dental School.

Mrs. Abram Almy is visiting in Philadelphia.

Librarians Will Meet.

The annual spring meeting of the Rhode Island Library Association will be held in this city on Monday, May 25th, and it is expected that there will be a large attendance of members. The morning session will be held in the new parish house of the United Congregational Church, corner Spring and Pelham streets, where Hon. William P. Clarke, mayor of Newport, will deliver an address of welcome. Mr. Richard Bliss, librarian of the Redwood library, will speak in behalf of the Newport libraries. Mr. Frederick C. Hicks, librarian at the Naval War College, will speak on "Books Written by Prisoners." Luncheon will be served at noon in the parish house.

The association will meet again at 2.15, the afternoon session being held in the assembly hall of the Rogers High School. Mr. George H. Tripp, librarian of the New Bedford Public Library, will deliver an address on "The Library as an Active Force in the Community," and Hon. Walter E. Ranger, commissioner of public schools of Rhode Island, will speak on "Traveling Libraries." The discussion will be opened by Mr. Herbert W. Lull, superintendent of schools of Newport.

Body Found on Shore.

The body of a man was found at the shore of the Training Station Tuesday afternoon, the man having been dead but a short time apparently. The body was that of a solidly built man about 60 years old, and from the appearance of his clothing it is thought that he may have been a sailor. From a ticket in his pocket it appeared that he left New York on the steamer Puritan Monday afternoon, apparently bound for Boston. In all probability he either jumped or fell overboard from the steamer after it left Newport on its way to Fall River. Besides the ticket there was also in the pocket $32 in money, a silver watch, and two pairs of eye glasses.

Dr. Stewart and Dr. Ecroyd performed an autopsy at Cottrell's undertaking establishment and found that death was due to drowning, the man apparently having been in a healthy condition previous to his death.

The annual fair of the Newport Artillery Company for the benefit of the uniform fund will be held at the company's armory on Clarke street next week. The members have made great preparations for the event, and the fair will undoubtedly be well worth attending. Each evening there will be visiting military organizations from outside the city. There will be dancing every evening and the Harry K. Howard orchestra will furnish the music.

Weenat Shassitt Tribe of Red Men held a social session in its lodge room in Odd Fellows Hall on Wednesday evening, when a number of the great chiefs from neighboring tribes visited the tribe and were most hospitably entertained by the local Red Men. A collation and social time were enjoyed.

Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Derothy Trager, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Trager, to Mr. Karl Bostel on the afternoon of June 3, at the home of the bride's parents on Middleton avenue.

Miss Mildred L. Sampson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sampson, of this city, has been re-elected as teacher of kindergarten work at the State Normal School for another year.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. C. Taylor, who arrived this week on steam yacht Wanderer, will make their headquarters on board the yacht until their cottage is ready for occupancy.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet will shortly return from Europe and will occupy "Ochre Court" on the Cliffs, the summer home of Mrs. Ogden Goelet.

Dr. Frank Holt, assistant superintendent of the Massachusetts General Hospital at Boston, was a recent visitor in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Barlow and Miss Jennie Davis, who have been spending the winter in Florida have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Rector have been receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, which occurred on Sunday.

Among the early cottage arrivals will be Mr. Lispenard Stewart, who will shortly return from Europe.

Mrs. Hugh K. Norman is visiting Colonel and Mrs. C. L. F. Robinson at their cottage on Kay street.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Cozzens, Jr., of New York, have been visiting relatives in this city.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is in Paris where she has taken apartments for a time.

Leavitt Attacked.

A Paris despatch says: W. H. Leavitt, a son-in-law of William Jennings Bryan, had a dangerous encounter in this city Monday with an Italian named Cana, who had been sitting for Mr. Leavitt as a model in connection with a picture which the American artist is painting for the City Hall at Denver, Col.

After being released from his engagement Cana returned repeatedly to Mr. Leavitt's studio and demanded extra compensation. This was refused him. The model finally came back armed with a large bludgeon with which he struck Mr. Leavitt a blow on the head. The artist was knocked down, but he jumped up at once and defended himself with a knife. He slashed at Cana and cut him in the head.

Help came and the Italian was arrested and taken to a hospital. Mr. Leavitt was cut on the head by the blow from the stick, but neither man is in a dangerous condition.

W. H. Leavitt, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Leavitt of this city, went to Lincoln, Neb., in the summer of 1903 to paint the portrait of Mr. Bryan. There he met Miss Ruth Bryan, whom he married the following October.

The couple lived a while in Denver and last September Mr. Leavitt went to Paris.

The funeral of Miss May Elfrida Swanson, daughter of the late Charles A. and Amanda J. Swanson, took place Sunday afternoon from the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Philip J. Macvicar, on Prairie avenue, Rev. E. G. Bower, curate of Trinity church, officiating. The deceased was a former employe in the Newport branch of the Providence Telephone company and was very popular with her associates. There were many beautiful floral offerings. The bearers were Messrs. Joseph Riley, John Barker, Joseph Willoughby and Frank Coggeshall. The interment was in the Old Cemetery beside her parents.

Miss Ellen Russell Manchester, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Russell Manchester, has accepted a position in Emma Willard School at Troy, N. Y. She will have charge of the department of English teaching. Miss Manchester is at present engaged as teacher of English in the Rogers High School, but has tendered her resignation, to take effect at the close of the school term. Miss Manchester is a graduate of Wellesley College and she taught for a while at New Britain, Conn. The Emma Willard School is a private preparatory school for girls.

Engineers from the fire insurance underwriters of New England have been in Newport this week looking over the apparatus of the local fire department. The steam engines have been taken out for practice under their observation and although some engines are old they were all found to do all that could possibly be expected of them in case of a conflagration.

Mr. Patrick J. Dooley died at his residence on Hall avenue on Sunday afternoon from asthma. He was well known to many people, being a carpenter by trade. He was a member of the Carpenters' Union and of the Catholic Benevolent Legion. A widow and a son and two daughters survive him.

The millinery establishment of Miss Tobin on Broadway was broken into at a late hour on Saturday evening or early Sunday morning. The money drawer was broken from its clasps, but the intruders did not make much of a haul, as the money was safely locked in the safe.

Rev. James Austin Richards of the United Congregational Church was in Providence this week, participating in the seventy-ninth annual conference of the Congregationalists of Rhode Island. Mr. Richards conducted the praise service at one of the evening services.

The new cold storage plant of the Independent Ice and Cold Storage Company has been started up and business is coming along briskly. Captain John Nagle was the first to use the freezing room, putting in fifty barrels of squid.

Ex-Governor Charles Warren Lippitt was in the city the past week, inspecting his villa on Ledge road.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Sorchau, who spent last summer abroad, will occupy their cottage here this season.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hazard Wilson are occupying their cottage on Coddington Point.

Mrs. F. O. French will arrive here from Europe some time next week.

Hon. and Mrs. F. P. Garrettson have returned from Europe.

Steamer Beavertail is undergoing her annual spring overhauling.

Miss Annie Cottrell sails for Europe next week.

Recent Deaths.

Josiah S. Bliss.

Mr. Josiah S. Bliss, one of Newport's oldest citizens and a man who had played a prominent part in the history of Newport, died at his home on Sherman street on Thursday after a considerable illness. He was nearly eighty-six years old and death was due to old age.

Mr. Bliss was perhaps best known as the driver of the old Newport stage. Long before Newport had any railroad connection with the outside world he drove a great freight wagon between Newport and Taunton, being employed by the late Rufus B. Kinsley. He was well known all along the road as a resourceful and competent man, and he seldom failed to bring the mail through on time in spite of bad weather and worse roads. He had many adventures while engaged in this occupation but came through them all without serious accident.

He was also a pioneer in steamboating around Newport, working for many years for the line of steamers to Providence, founded by Rufus B. Kinsley. He was employed as express messenger and afterward became the first purser on the steamer City of Newport. Subsequently he filled the position of Newport agent for the line.

Mr. Bliss was twice appointed keeper of the Newport County Jail, his total length of service in that capacity being about nine years. He was an active member of several organizations, including Rhode Island Lodge, I. O. O. F., Weenat Shassitt Tribe of Red Men and Coronet Council, Royal Arcanum. In all of these organizations he was one of the oldest members, and had held offices of importance. He leaves three sons and three daughters, Charles T., Theodore H. and Henry S. Bliss, Miss Sarah E. Bliss, Mrs. Joseph Underwood and Mrs. J. Harry Brown.

Frank G. Rice.

Mr. Frank Greenleaf Rice, one of Westerly's best known citizens, died in that town very suddenly on Saturday of last week. He was about as usual in the morning, but in the afternoon was found dead in a chair, heart disease being the cause. He was a son of Dr. Richard H. and Lucy Wiggins Rice, his father being a practicing physician in this city for many years and probably no man was better known in Newport at one time than Dr. Rice.

Mr. Rice was a native of Boston, but came to Newport with his parents when a boy, where he spent his early life.

He graduated from the Newport High School and enlisted in the Ninth Rhode Island regiment under Colonel John Hare Powel. After his discharge he went, in March, 1863, to Westerly where he made his home until his death.

He was employed for 27 years by Cottrell and Babcock and the C. B. Cottrell Sons Company, occupying for a part of the time a position as boss planer. For the past 18 years he had been actively employed, being the last three years in charge of the estate of E. P. Stillman.

He was a member of the Odd Fellows in Westerly and also of the Grand Army. He was an attendant of the Pawcatuck Congregational Church.

A widow survives him and an aunt, Mrs. Martha Mills, residing in Boston, at the age of 94 years.

Theodore H. Bishop.

Mr. Theodore H. Bishop died at the Newport Hospital on Saturday in the eightieth year of his age. He was for 35 years employed as ship carpenter at the New England Navigation Company. He was a veteran of the Civil War. When enlisting in the navy, he was appointed acting carpenter and ordered to the new "Ironsides." He renewed his warrant in the year '63. He was a member at one time of Mt. Moriah Lodge, A. F. and A. M., but withdrew from this order several years ago. Three children survive him, two sons residing in this city and a daughter in Kansas City. The funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon from Belmont chapel.

Mrs. Abraham T. Peckham.

Mrs. Mary Gibbs Peckham, widow of Mr. Abraham T. Peckham, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Winfield S. Sisson, on Bliss road, Monday morning, in the eighty-seventh year of her age. She had enjoyed very good health until a few days previous to her death. She was a woman who had attracted a wide circle of friends by her bright and lovable disposition. Mrs. Peckham was a daughter of the late John Oman of Middletown. She leaves three daughters: Mrs. John Rogers, Mrs. Winfield S. Sisson and Mrs. Parker L. Thurston of this city.

Mrs. J. R. Busk and Miss Busk will arrive at "Indian Spring" for the season in a few days.

Mrs. John Carter Brown, who has been ill at her home on Bellevue avenue, is improving.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held on Monday evening, when a name was adopted for the new school on the Edward-Farewell lot which will be known as the Mumford school, for Caleb Cory Mumford.

The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

The total enrollment for four weeks ending April 16, 1908, was 3,676, the average belonging 3,351.2, average attending 3,074.5, per cent of attendance 91.6, the cases of tardiness 366, and the cases of dismissal 128.

The enrollment in Townsend Industrial School was 1,168.

Since the last meeting of this board the Board of Health has reported two cases of scarlet fever and three children are out of school on account of these cases of contagion.

Finances.

City appropriation,	$109,471 00
From other sources,	3,459 73
	112,930 73
Expenditures to date,	45,860 54
Balance,	67,070 19
Special appropriation,	6,050 00
Expenditures,	1,270 93
Balance,	$4,779 07

Fire Drills.

School,	Drills.	Average minutes.	Average seconds.
Rogers,	2	1	15
Callender	2	1	15
Calvert	2	1	57½
Carey	2	1	50½
Clarke	2	1	0
Coddington	2	2	32½
Coggeshall	2	1	21
Cranston	2	1	30
Edward-Farewell	2	0	30
Lenthal	2	1	17½
Potter	2	2	15
Thayer	2	0	59

Physical Training.

During the month the members of the gymnasium classes in the Rogers gave an evening exhibition to their parents and friends. Under the direction of Miss Nancy Brownell the girls gave exercises in marching, dumbbell and wand work, and in several rhythmic exercises that give grace and poise to the body. Under Mr. Pitman the boys illustrated their training in marching, wand and dumbbell drill, high jumping, work on apparatus, and vigorous physical training without any apparatus. The audience was very appreciative and the pupils should have been encouraged to still greater efforts. Thus far this work has been voluntary, as it has been assigned to the afternoon. Next year the excellent gymnasium with its fine equipment should be in constant use. The amended course will require members of grade X to enter the classes during the regular session of the school, as is the case in other cities where such an opportunity is offered. There will be, therefore, a still more, imperative demand for shower baths.

Flag Days.

There are always minor events that warrant the flying of the school flags, but this month anniversaries of wide interest should receive the attention of teachers and pupils. The first settlement of Newport, the declaration of independence by the State, Arbor day, Peace day and Memorial day make this a red-letter month.

Rogers High School.

By the kindness and forethought of the late Mrs. William C. Simmons the library has been enriched by her gift of a collection of dried specimens of the algae of North America, 83 volumes by Collins, and a Journal of the New England Botanical Club for six and one half years.

Teachers' Retirement Fund.

The teachers realize that the fund now accumulated should be made available in the interest of those who have given 30 years and more of their lives to the public schools. Accordingly they have made one more effort to raise it toward the $30,000 mark. A combination supper, dance and whist added last week $150 to the $22,109.96 already invested.

The report of Truant Officer Topham contained the following items:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teacher), 202; number out for illness and other causes, 181; number of cases of truancy (public, 14; parochial, 7) 21; number of different children truants, 16; number found not attending school, 11; number sent to public school, 1; number sent to parochial school, 1; number of certificates issued, 0; number of certificates issued to children over 15 years of age, under factory inspectors' law, 2.

The boy whose name was presented for prosecution last month, as a school offender, is doing better.

I recommend the prosecution of Michael Pinto of 15 Holland street, who is an habitual school offender.

It was voted that the recommendation be adopted unless immediate improvement is shown. The resignations of Miss Mary R. Hamlin, assistant at the Callendar, and Miss Ellen R. Manchester, assistant instructor in English at the Rogers, were accepted. On recommendation of the committee on text books a new English text book was adopted for Grade VIII, and the committee gave notice of further changes to be acted on at a subsequent meeting.

The committee on Edward-Farewell school presented several names for the new building as follows: Berkeley, Brenton, Bull, Cozzens, Easton, Ellery, Gibbs, Hazard, King, Van Zandt, Wanton, Mumford. After some discussion and reading of papers regarding the claims of each name, that of Mumford was adopted in honor of Caleb Cory Mumford.

The Current Topics Club was given permission to renew the lease of the lecture room in the Coles school for 1908-1909. The Rogers High School Alumni Association was given permission to use the Rogers hall for the annual reception on June 18. It was voted to have the Rogers building open on June 26, when the State Federation of Women's Clubs will be here.

It was voted that the fire extinguishers belonging to the department be placed in charge of the fire department in order that they may be kept in perfect order.

There was some discussion regarding resignations of teachers in the middle of a term but no formal action was taken as the rules already cover the matter.

Old Papers Found.

The old building on the Pell estate on Mary street, which has been owned for a number of years by the Young Men's Christian Association, is rapidly being torn down to make room for the new administration building to be built and presented to the association by Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt. The old building is being torn down by Mr. William B. Manuel who purchased the building for the material it contained. Incidentally an interesting legal point has arisen over the possession of some apparently valuable old documents which were discovered. When Mr. Manuel's men were working on the top floor they discovered a hidden closet which contained a chest filled with old papers. These were claimed by Mr. Manuel and taken to his home but the Y. M. C. A. contends that all contents of the building are their property. In the meantime Mr. Manuel has the property in his hands. The papers contain many interesting documents and should be of considerable value to historians and antiquarians.

Wedding Bells.

Wheeler-Easton.

Miss Eliza Franklin Easton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Easton, was married to Mr. John Edward Wheeler, on Tuesday afternoon, in the presence of relatives and a few intimate friends, Rev. George W. Quick, D. D., of the Second Baptist Church, officiating. The ceremony took place in the parlor which had been decorated with palms and potted plants for the occasion. The bride wore a dress of white crepe de chine made over taffeta and carried a shower bouquet. She was unattended, as was also the groom. Mr. Philip Caswell and Mr. James Easton, brother of the bride, were the ushers. A reception followed, after which Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler left on their wedding trip. The bride received many pretty gifts.

Saturday, May 30th, will be Memorial Day and will be appropriately observed in this city. The ceremonies this year will be very similar to those in the past, and there will be a large street parade in the afternoon, in which Department Commander William O. Milne, Senior Vice Department Commander Francello G. Jillson of Providence, and other prominent members of the department of Rhode Island will take part. It is expected that there will be in line the regulars from Forts Adams and Greble, the apprentices from the Training Station, the Newport Artillery, Newport Naval Reserves and Admiral Thomas Camp of Spanish War Veterans, as well as Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R.

Superintendent Knowles of the Narragansett district of the life saving service and Inspector Edwards paid an official visit of inspection to the Price's Neck station on Thursday. The station and the crew were found in splendid condition under the command of Captain Kenyon.

Newport summer residents are arriving at their cottages rather earlier than usual this year. There will be several large cottages open this year that have been closed for a number of seasons, and all this should result in increased prosperity for Newport.

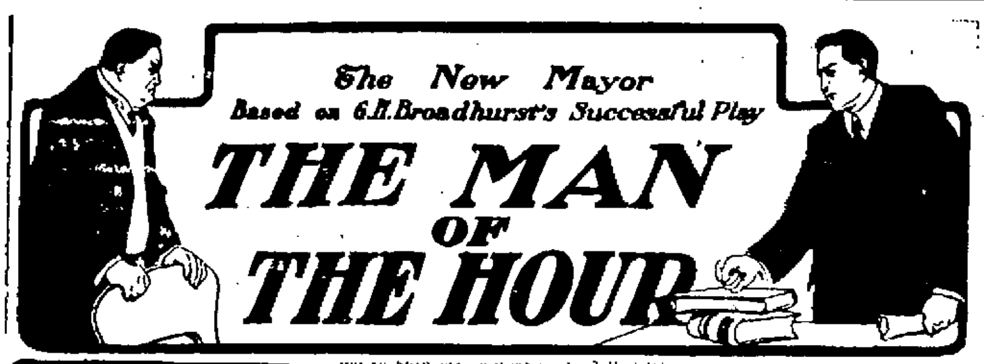
Mr. and Mrs. Dean Melville, who were natives of Newport, celebrated the thirty-seventh anniversary of their marriage on May 1st, at their home in California, where they have resided since 1872.

Mrs. Harriet Hall Morris is at "Malbone" and is entertaining her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis G. Morris, who were recently married in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt and their daughter, Miss Cathleen Vanderbilt, are expected from Europe today, and will come direct to Sandy Point Farm.

Mrs. Lillian Sweet, of Providence, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Lawton on Tilley avenue, has returned to her home.

Mrs. William H. Lawton left Thursday evening for Detroit, who had just spent a short time as th... brother. ...apped," blurted the ...ant to find out who it



BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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CHAPTER III.

HORRIGAN was first to break the tense silence.

"What's this here for?" he growled, indicating Phelan with a contemptuous jerk of the head and addressing no one in particular.

"Ask your friend Wainwright," grunted Phelan, with equal roughness.

"I—you see," began Wainwright conciliatingly, "I didn't like to see two such first rate chaps at odds with each other, so I wanted to bring you together here to"—

"Oh, you did, did you?" sneered Horrigan. "And what did Phelan say to that little plan?"

"I said," snapped Phelan before his host could reply—"I said I'd see you in —— first!"

"Same here, twice over!" said Horrigan.

"But," interposed Wainwright coaxingly, "is there no way"—

"No," retorted Horrigan, his deep voice rumbling far down in his throat. "There isn't. Look here, Phelan! I'm out for your scalp, and I'm going to get it!"

"Come on, look for it!" crowed Phelan, fairly hopping up and down in rage and excitement. "Come a-runnin'! An' while you're huntin' my scalp don't overlook one bet. I'm after yours!"

"Mine, you little shrimp! Why"—

"Yes, yours, Horrigan, you cur. You're pretty chesty an' strong standin' on the top of the organization, but you're no bloomin' statue of Liberty. You can be torn down, and here's the man who's goin' to do the tearin'. Me—Alderman Jimmy Phelan of the Eighth!"

"Let it go at that for now. You'll wake up in the fall, when the election"—

"Let it go at that for keeps. I"—

"Mr. Wainwright," broke off Horrigan, "if this was the business you wanted to talk over with me here"—

"It isn't," assured the thoroughly uncomfortable financier.

"Oh! Then we can get down to real business perhaps when this fellow's gone."

"That lets me out," observed Phelan cheerfully as he picked up his hat. "G'by, Mr. Wainwright. G'by, Mr. Gibbs. Horrigan, I'll"—

"But you'll stay to lunch, alderman, won't you?" urged Horrigan, with an effort at cordiality that deceived no one.

"No, thanks," replied Phelan. "When the curtain's down and the orchestra's gone home I don't need no usher to poke me in the ribs to tell me the show's out. As for stayin' to break bread with Dick Horrigan, I'd sooner have a jolly little grub fest with Wiley's poison squad. Goodby, all. Horrigan, as for you, some day I'll cross two sticks of dynamite under you and you'll scatter so wide that the inquest over your p'litical remains will have to be held in fourteen counties."

"I am so sorry, Mr. Horrigan, that this should have happened in my house," said Wainwright as the irate alderman stalked out, leaving the boss staring after him in dumb fury. "I meant it for the best and"—

"Mr. Wainwright," interrupted Horrigan, venting his pent-up wrath on his dismayed host, "this old world of ours is white with bones of failures, of fools, of deadbeats. In other words, of folks who 'meant it for the best.' Now let's get down to business."

"First let me introduce Mr. Gibbs. He"—

"Glad to meet him, but he'll excuse me when I say I never talk business when there's a third party around. No offense, Mr. Gibbs. Just walk out and take a look at the view, like a good boy, won't you? Thanks."

Gibbs, at a warning look of appeal from Wainwright, checked the angry retort that sprang to his lips, turned on his heel and walked out. Horrigan, who had observed the glance exchanged between the two men, grudgingly attempted to soften the effect of his brusqueness.

"I didn't mean to snub your friend," said he, "but Phelan riled me, and I took it out on the next man I spoke to. What on earth set you to having Phelan here to meet me for, anyway?"

"Just as I said. I wanted to win him over to us. We will need every strong man we can get this fall. We"—

"You know a lot about finance, Mr. Wainwright. But you're a rank outsider in politics or you'd never have made such a break. I can't compromise with Phelan even if I wanted to. He's stood out against me, and I've got to smash him. If he could defy me and get away with it, other leaders would think they could do it, too, and in less than no time the organization would be split up into a dozen factions, and I'd be down and out. Understand? I've got to look out for discipline if I'm to hold the place I've won. When a [illegible] in the organization starts a fight [illegible] I must down him. There's [illegible]ck. That's why I'm boss. [illegible] crowd knows he's got to obey me or fight me and that if it's fight it's a battle to the death. And he's the man who does the dying, not I. Now, you understand? So we can get to business. What"—

But business seemed this morning fated to many interruptions. The latest came in the form of Judge Newman, who, bustling into the room with all his customary pompous dignity, suddenly stopped in his tracks and wilted at sight of the boss.

"Good morning, Mr. Horrigan," said the judge ingratiatingly, wriggling under the boss' glower. "I hope I'm not here too early and that Mr. Wainwright has interceded for"—

"For your renomination?" queried Horrigan, speaking as though to a disgraced servant. "If that's what you're here for you might have spared yourself the trouble. What I told you before still goes."

"But, Mr. Horrigan, consider how long I've been on the bench, and"—

"And it's time you got your nose out of the feed bag and gave some one else a chance. You are"—

"I'm growing old, Mr. Horrigan!" pleaded the thoroughly cowed judge. "How can I go back to law practice and compete with younger men? Besides, Mrs. Newman declares"—

"I can't help that," returned Horrigan, quite unmoved. "You've had your share. We've got to look out for our own active workers—for the men we can count on to do the right thing."

"But, Mr. Horrigan," protested the judge, "I always try to do what is right."

"I said 'the right thing,'" corrected the boss. "See the difference?"

"Excuse me, judge," intervened Wainwright. "If you'll leave this matter in my hands, I will try to convince Mr. Horrigan of your fitness. Just leave it all to me."

"Oh, thank you so much, Charles!" cried the relieved judge. "I'm sure I can count on you. Mrs. Newman will be so grateful. Well, I won't detain you any longer. Goodby."

"Goodby, judge," answered Wainwright tolerantly.

"Goodby, Mr. Horrigan," went on Judge Newman, with effusion.

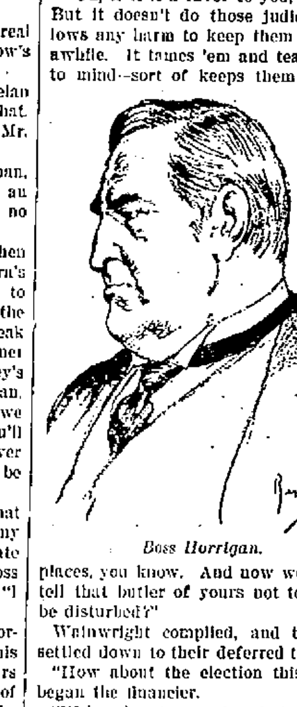
A grunt from Horrigan, who had turned his broad back on the visitor, was the only reply, and the judge departed to bear the message of hope to Mrs. Newman.

"Have you any special objections to Newman?" asked Wainwright.

"No," said Horrigan, "except I think perhaps there's men who can do better by us. You know how much it means sometimes to have the right judge handle your case."

"I think at a pinch we can manage Newman, and"—

"Oh, if it is a favor to you, all right. But it doesn't do those judiciary fellows any harm to keep them guessing awhile. It tames 'em and teaches 'em to mind—sort of keeps them in their



Boss Horrigan.

places, you know. And now won't you tell that butler of yours not to let us be disturbed?"

Wainwright complied, and the two settled down to their deferred talk.

"How about the election this fall?" began the financier.

"We're already growing; but, just between you and me, it's going to be a hot fight. The people at large seem to be a little sore on the organization. A few deals lately have been a little raw, and some of the papers are kicking. Good Lord! If it wasn't for the newspapers what a cinch a boss would have in running a city! It 'd be like taking pennies from a baby's bank. But"—

"Then you think there is some doubt about the election?"

"I wouldn't go so far as that. It'll be a tussle, but with plenty of cash and the right man for mayor—mark me, I say 'and the right man'—we ought to win."

"The woods are full of 'right men,'" replied Wainwright. "The money is the chief thing to consider. That is why I asked you here today. This is the point I'm getting at: As soon as election is safely over the Borough Street railway will apply for a franchise for a car line from Blank avenue to Dash street along the river front."

"I see!" nodded Horrigan. "And, as you own the City Surface line and as that is the Borough Street railway's worst rival, you want the Borough's franchise bill killed when it comes before the board of aldermen."

"You're wrong. To paraphrase your own words, you know a lot about politics. I want the Borough Street railway's franchise granted, and I want the franchise to be perpetual."

"But I don't see what your driving at. If you intend to merge the Borough Street railway with your own City Surface line its charter will become void."

"I don't mean to merge them. I own both roads, and I run them separately."

"The —— you do!"

"That's a little surprise, eh? I haven't made any parade of it. I just went quietly to work, through Gibbs, and bought up a majority of the Borough stock. Now don't you see how the granting of the franchise and the news that I control the road will work when they are made known?"

"Sure! It'll send that stock sky high. You'll scoop in a million or two."

"A million or two!" echoed Wainwright scornfully. "Nearer"—

"Hold on!" interrupted Horrigan. "What's that noise?"

He had jumped to his feet with an alacrity that was surprising in so large a man and was listening intently.

"That clicking?" asked Wainwright. "Oh, that's only the private wire in my office."

"Private wire? Any operator?"

"Of course. Why?"

"Suppose he should happen to be listening to us?"

"Who? Thompson? Absurd!"

"I don't know. I'd rather"—

"Nonsense. It's Thompson, my private secretary, a man who's been with me nine years. I trust him as"—

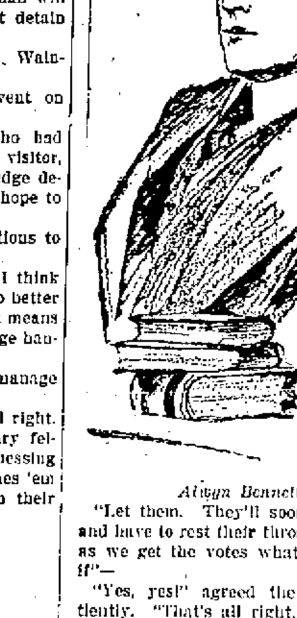
"But I don't. I don't trust anybody. Send him into some other room."

"I can't. In his absence some important message might come, and if he wasn't there on the very moment to transmit it to me I might lose thousands. He's all right if ever a man was. I trust him implicitly."

"Oh, all right, then. Go on with what you were saying."

"I want the Borough Street railway franchise made perpetual. Catch my drift?"

"Sure. But the papers and the property holders will make a big kick."



Alwyn Bennett.

"Let them. They'll soon get hoarse and have to rest their throats. As long as we get the votes what do we care if"—

"Yes, yes!" agreed the boss impatiently. "That's all right, but what I want to know is, How does all this concern me?"

Horrigan threw himself back in his chair, uptilted cigar in one corner of his mouth, thumbs in waistcoat armholes and eyed his host quizzically. Wainwright did not even pretend not to understand. Still, instead of giving a direct answer he went on with seeming irrelevance:

"I am a public spirited citizen. I believe civic welfare would suffer by any change in municipal administration, so to keep the present party in power I am willing to donate to it $200,000 toward election expenses."

"That sounds pretty good as far as it goes, but maybe you didn't hear something I asked you a minute ago. What I want to know is, How does all this concern me?"

"I'm coming to that. As I said, I am a public spirited citizen. I'm also a good friend—such a good friend that I'm always glad to put my friends on to anything in the market that looks particularly promising. Suppose I carry for your account at the market price (that's 63 just now) 15,000 shares of Borough Street railway stock?"

"Well?"

"If that franchise is granted, Borough stock will go up at least 25 points within two days. That would clear up for you a profit of—let's see—about $375,000."

Horrigan had pulled a pencil from his pocket and was figuring on the back of an envelope.

"Yes," he said at last; "that's right, $375,000. That would be my profit, while yours would run into the millions. That's not warm enough friendship for me."

"Surely, that is a generous"—

"Generous, maybe, but I'd like something munificent—say 25,000 shares at 63. Then at the 25 point jump I'd make—I'd make"—consulting his figures on the envelope—"something over $600,000. That sounds better to me. Hey?"

"But Mr. Horrigan"—

"You've got my terms. Take 'em or leave 'em."

"Oh, very well," conceded Wainwright, with lame graciousness. "Anything to oblige an old friend."

"Good! So we get $200,000 for election expenses, and my personal account receives 25,000 shares at 63."

"Quite so. And now"—

"And now comes the question of the right man for mayor. We"—

Again Horrigan paused, rising to his feet stealthily, like some ponderous cat, his head bent slightly, as though catching a faint or distant sound.

"What's the matter?" asked Wainwright, looking up.

"Nothing," returned Horrigan. But he did not resume his seat. Instead as he talked he began to pace the room in apparent aimlessness, yet every turn chanced to bring him nearer and nearer to the door of the adjoining office.

"You see," he said, "we must have the right man. If we don't, we haven't a shadow of a show to win. We must be careful to choose the best man possible. In fact, Mr. Wainwright—in fact"—

Thompson stepped quietly over the threshold.

His wanderings had brought him to the office door. With the last word he suddenly jerked it open.

Thompson stepped quietly over the threshold into the library, walked over to his employer, handed him a dispatch and went out again under the battery of Horrigan's glare, closing the office door after him.

"That fellow was listening to every word we said!" shouted the boss as the door shut behind Thompson.

"How foolish you are!" protested Wainwright. "He was bringing me this message. I've tried and tempted and tested Thompson in a hundred ways, and he's always rung true. I trust him utterly."

"Well, I don't trust a man living," retorted Horrigan, reluctantly convinced. "I don't sign receipts or keep accounts or write letters or have witnesses when I talk. I always make it a question of veracity between me and the other man if there's an investigation. My word's as good as any one's, and they can't prove anything against me in case of a showdown. I advise you to try the same plan. It's a good one. And in the meantime if I were you I'd keep an eye on that secretary. He'll bear watching."

"Never mind about Thompson. He's all right. Let's get back to the election. Who have you in mind for mayor?"

"Well," considered Horrigan, "he's got to be some one who isn't mixed up in politics or corporations. Some one the public isn't on to. A man with no queer past."

"I advise you to consult the calendar of saints and pick out your candidate there," sneered Wainwright, who could not clearly follow his guest's reasoning.

"No. I think I can find him on earth," laughed Horrigan. "He's got to be young, clever, educated, with a good name, a good family and social standing and plenty of cash. The cash is important, so the public will understand he isn't a graft hunter. They're got to be made to think he's in the game for purity of politics and high principles and love of civic duty and all that sort of thing. At the same time he's got to be some one we can handle to suit ourselves. That's the man who'll catch 'em coming and going. We've got to find him. Any suggestions?"

"Well, how about Gibbs?"

"Won't do. Broker and money juggler. The public wouldn't stand for him."

"Young Sawyer"—

"Sawyer was born foolish, and he's been getting steadily sillier every year since, and his face shows it."

"Ten Broeck, then."

"Ten Broeck is too fond of turning a cigarette into the connecting link between fire and a fool. And, besides, he wears a monocle. What'd happen if he was to flash that monocle in a Fourth ward meeting? There'd be a massacre."

"Well, who, then? Have you any one in mind?"

"Yes," assented Horrigan, "I have. Do you happen to know a young fellow who spends his summers near here—a chap named Bennett—Alwyn Bennett?"

"Certainly; I know him well. But"—

"Well, how does he strike you?"

"I'd never have thought of him in such a connection."

"Why wouldn't you? He pretty near fulfills all our qualifications. Besides, his father used to be a big man in the organization. Got some fat contracts from it in his time too."

"But young Bennett has never"—

"He's well off, well educated, clever, and all that. I ran across him last fall when he came over to help Lorimer in his fight in the Fourteenth. He made some rattling good speeches, and the boys all took a liking to him. A swell, but not a snob; good mixer, good fellow, popular, clear headed, no past—yes, he's our man. More I think it over the surer I am."

"I shouldn't wonder if you're right. How would you like to talk it over with him now?"

"Now?"

"Yes. He's still around the place somewhere, I think."

Wainwright rang a bell, and the butler appeared.

"Find Mr. Bennett," said the financier, "and ask him if he will step here for a moment."

"Yes," went on Horrigan reflectively, rubbing his huge plump hands together, "he's the man for us—that is," he added, with less assurance, "if we can handle him."

"I think we can," answered Wainwright, a fragment of his conversation with Gibbs flashing across his memory. "You see, I have fairly good reasons for believing he's in love with my niece, Miss Dallas Wainwright."

"So? That's"—

"And, as I control her fortune and her brother's until Perry is twenty-five"—

"Oh, it's a cinch!" chuckled Horrigan. "He"—

"Mr. Bennett is playing tennis," reported the butler, coming to the door. "He will be here at once."

"Now," resumed Horrigan, "the only thing that remains is to find out if he'll consent, and then"—

"You wanted me, Mr. Wainwright?" asked Bennett, stepping through the long window from the veranda. "Oh, good morning, Mr. Horrigan," he added on seeing the second occupant of the room.

The young man was coatless and collarless, his silk shirt being turned in at the neck. In one hand he swung a tennis racket. With the other he mopped his flushed face, for the day was hot and the game had been swift.

"Yes," answered Wainwright. "I'm sorry to interrupt your tennis set, but we want to see you on a rather important matter. We've been talking about you."

"Thanks!" said Bennett, with a puzzled smile from one to the other of the two older men. "What about?"

"Want to be mayor?" queried Horrigan abruptly.

"What's the answer?" countered the perplexed youth.

"It isn't a joke," intervened Wainwright. "Mr. Horrigan is in earnest."

"In earnest? I hope the heat hasn't gone to his head."

"You don't understand," put in Horrigan. "I control the party's nominations. The nomination for mayor is yours if you'll like it."

"Not—not really?" gasped Alwyn aghast.

"Yes, really. We"—

"But, with a whole organization full of good material, why do you come to me?"

"Because you're the man we want."

"As an answer that's excellent, but as an explanation it's mystifying."

"I'll tell you. We're looking forward to a risky fight and"—

"And since you see no chance of winning you pick me out as the victim instead of some organization man? Good idea as far as you're concerned, but I beg to decline, without thanks."

"No, no!" corrected Wainwright. "Mr. Horrigan thinks that you have a strong chance of winning."

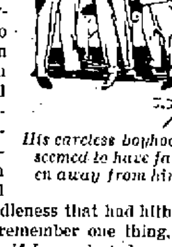
"That's right," corroborated the boss. "It'll be a hard fight, but with the right man we'll win, and we believe you're the right man. Even if you lose, you'll show the world what you're made of. Folks admire a fighter. They haven't much use for an idler."

The coarsely spoken words brought back with a rush Dallas Wainwright's plea and his own yearning to do something to make her proud of him—to win her by great deeds—to prove his love worth her acceptance. Was this the chance—the chance he had so eagerly longed for? It seemed providential. His face alight with the joy of battle and the hope of his heart's reward, Bennett turned upon the waiting boss.

"I accept."

"Good!" yelled Horrigan, slapping him resoundingly on the back. "Good boy! Now, we'll"—

"But remember one thing, Mr. Horrigan," interrupted Bennett, and his careless boyhood seemed to have fallen away from him like a discarded garment, leaving the manhood and rugged strength stripped of all the follies and idleness that had hitherto masked it, "remember one thing, if I win this fight—if I am elected mayor—I shall never once swerve from my solemn oath of office. I"—



His careless boyhood seemed to have fallen away from him.

Wainwright, uneasy at the candidate's unwonted words and manner, started to speak, but Horrigan deftly interfered.

"Of course you'll keep your oath of office," he bellowed jovially. "Of course you will. That's understood."

Then in an undertone to Wainwright as Alwyn moved away the boss whispered:

"Don't butt in! Leave him to me! That silly reform talk don't mean anything. It's the way all youngsters in politics blow off steam. Leave him to me!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE next few months were a period of unprecedented toil and excitement for Alwyn Bennett. He sometimes wondered at his own eloquence. Speech after speech he made in every section of the city—in half built suburbs, in halls where nine-tenths of his hearers were in evening dress and where familiar faces dotted the place; in overcrowded, smoke reeking auditoriums, where not one man in three wore a collar and where a score of nationalities vied for precedence.

With a versatility that delighted Horrigan the candidate managed to adapt himself to every audience and, moreover, to impress his hearers with a sense of his absolute sincerity and honesty. In the crowded, polyglot meetings he hit on the plan of speaking to representatives of each race in their own language. In a single evening, so the papers recorded, he had made speeches in English, French, German, Italian and Spanish. At some meetings toughs had tried to confuse him by interrupting with questions, joking comment or insult. For each Alwyn, without breaking the thread of his discourse, found some quick reply so apt as to turn the laugh on his tormentor and turn the audience's sympathy to himself.

At last election day came and went. And Alwyn Bennett by a fair majority carried his entire ticket to victory. Even his severest critics in the organization were forced to admit that Bennett, and Bennett alone, had saved the party from severe defeat. Horrigan's judgment and choice of men for the thousandth time in the boss' crooked political career was vindicated, and Horrigan himself was overjoyed beyond measure. Nor did the fact that he had failed to oust Alderman Phelan in the primaries wholly cloud the boss' delight.

There was, however, a slight cloud on Alwyn's triumph, for Dallas Wainwright was not present to share that triumph. Within a few days after Horrigan's visit to the Wainwright place Dallas had gone with an aunt on an eight months' tour of Europe and the Mediterranean. But Perry, who at her secret request had kept her posted on every detail of the stirring campaign, cabled her the result on election night, and the following day a reply message of congratulation crossed the Atlantic to gladden Alwyn's heart. In a letter that followed a week later Dal-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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ON and after April 1, 1908, trains will leave NEWPORT, for BOSTON, SOUTH STATION, week days, 6.50, 8.10, 9.05, 11.04 a. m., 1.05, 3.05, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. Return 6.35, 8.50, 10.43 a. m., 12.50, 2.40, 3.55, 4.50, a6.00, 6.50 p. m. MIDDLETOWN and PORTSMOUTH, 6.50, 9.05, 11.04 a. m., 1.05, 3.05, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. BRADFORD and COREY'S LANE (flag stop), 6.50, 9.05, 11.04 a. m., 1.05, 3.05, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. TIVERTON, FALL RIVER and TAUNTON, 6.50, 8.10, 9.05, 11.04 a. m., 1.05, 3.05, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. MIDDLEBORO, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. HYANNIS, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. PROVINCETOWN, 3.05 p. m. PLYMOUTH, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 6.50, 8.10, 11.04 a. m., 3.05, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. FITCHBURG and MARLBORO and So. FRAMINGHAM, 8.10, 11.04 a. m., 3.05, 9.05 p. m. LOWELL, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. OAK BLUFFS, 8.10 a. m. PROVIDENCE (via Fall River and Warren) 6.50, 8.10, 9.05, 11.04 a. m., 1.05, 3.05, 5.00, 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS, for BOSTON, 7.02, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. Return 6.27, 8.50 a. m., 12.50, 4.27, 5.40, a6.00 p. m. For PROVIDENCE (via Fall River and Warren), 7.02, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. For BRADFORD and COREY'S LANE, 7.02, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 6.00, 9.05 p. m. For Middletown, Portsmouth, Bristol Ferry, Tiverton, Fall River, Somerset, Dighton, North Dighton, Weir Village and Taunton, 7.02, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. New Bedford, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

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Leave Newport for Fall River at 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.50 a. m., then every 15 minutes to 6.50 p. m., then half hourly to 10.20 with last car leaving at 11.15 p. m.

Leave Fall River for Newport at 5.30 a. m., then every half hour to 9.00, thence every 15 minutes to 7.00 p. m., then half hourly to 11.30 p. m.

Leave Fall River for Island Park only every 15 minutes from 7 p. m. to 11.00 p. m.

On Sundays first car will leave Newport at 7.00 a. m. and Fall River at 6.30 a. m., otherwise running as on week days.

NEWPORT CITY CARS

Change of time June 20, 1907.

Leave Mile Corner for Morton Park—6.00 6.15, 6.30 a. m., and 10.30, 10.45 and 11.00 p. m. Sundays 6.30 a. m. Then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Mile Corner—6.22 and 6.37 a. m. and 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m.

Leave One Mile Corner for Bench—6.30 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 10.15 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Bench—6.45 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Bench for One Mile Corner at 7.00 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 10.45 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin street for One Mile Corner—6.30, 6.45 and 7.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays 7.15 a. m. and then same as week days.

Leave Franklin street for Morton Park—6.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.15 p. m. Sundays 6.45 a. m. and then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Franklin street—6.22 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.22 p. m. Sundays 6.52 a. m. and then same as week days.

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THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

his signed the first political favor the future mayor was called upon to grant. She begged that in his office Bennett would try to find a place for Cynthia Garrison. In consequence of which when the young man made up his list of personal appointments Miss Garrison found herself listed as assistant private secretary at a decidedly comfortable salary.

It was while she was working in that capacity in the mayor's private room in the city hall during Bennett's lunch hour one day in midwinter that her solitude was broken by the entrance of a visitor.

Perry Wainwright, redolent of bandbox and soap as ever, found his way past the doorkeeper and burst into the sanctum.

"Hello!" was his greeting. "His honor isn't around?"

"No," answered Cynthia demurely, looking up from her work with the most businesslike air she could assume. "He's out at lunch."

"I knew he would be," grinned Perry. "I timed it fine, didn't I?"

"If you knew he was out, why did you come?" she asked severely. "You know I never receive callers during business hours. If you didn't come to see Mr. Bennett"—

"But I did. Honest I did. I have a message for him. It's awfully important. He mustn't miss it."

"Perhaps you'll leave it with me? I can"—

"No; it's got an answer to it. I'll have to wait, I suppose."

He sat down, uninvited, with an air of mock resignation that was too much for Cynthia's gravity.

"Perry Wainwright," she exclaimed in exasperation, "how often am I to tell you you mustn't bother me here in office hours?"

"Now you've hurt my feelings," announced Perry in solemn conviction. "But," he added generously, "I'll forgive you, and to prove it I'll give you a peace offering. See? Your old Boston terriers Betty and Prince Charlie, and me holding them."

And he laid before her a photograph. She caught it up, with a little cry of pleasure.

"Oh, the beauties!" she exclaimed.

"We do look well in that pose," he admitted modestly.

"I was speaking of the dogs," she reproved him, with lofty scorn.

"But I'm in the picture, too," he explained. "I'm the one with the hat on. And"—

"Thank you so much for the picture. I shall keep it always. They're the nicest dogs I ever had."

"I'm nice too. And it isn't my fault I'm not a dog. I"—

"I told you once before not to give up hope. You'll grow. I"—

"I told that to some fellows at the club, and we tried to figure it out, and we decided you were guying me."

"What clever men you must be at that club! Are you going to the administration ball next week?"

"Are you?"

"Why?"

"Because that's the answer. I've never been to an administration ball; but if you're there I guess it"—

"Don't be silly. The administration ball is a very great function indeed. I've been asking questions about it. Not only every one connected with the administration goes, but all sorts of capitalists and other people like that. I've heard that some of the biggest financial deals are arranged during that ball. Isn't it queer?"

"Not especially. There's a deal I'm thinking of putting through myself that night if I don't get a good chance earlier—a deal that means a lot to me."

"Then why wait till the ball? Why not"—

"I'd do it now, only Bennett might come in before"—

"What a worker Mr. Bennett is!" broke in Cynthia, turning very pink and hastening to change the subject.

"In the old days we thought he was the soul of laziness, but now he's working here night and day. He's not only the youngest mayor this city ever had, but I think he's the busiest too. He"—

The eulogy on the new mayor was cut short by that dignitary's appearance from the center room. As Alwyn paused to hang up his coat and hat and pull off his gloves Cynthia bent once more over her work, while Perry straightened up and tried to look as though he really had business of pressing importance with his honor.

The months had brought changes to Bennett. There were care lines on his face, and his eyes were tired. A few silver strands, too, had crept into the darker hair on his temples. There was little now about him to suggest the idler.

"Well, old man," he exclaimed on seeing Perry, "what's the excuse this time?"

"The what?" asked the youth uneasily.

"The excuse. You come here—when I'm likely to be out—about four times a week, and always with a perfectly new excuse for your intrusion. I tolerate you for the originality of those excuses. What is today's?"

"I have no need of an excuse," replied Perry, with an air of hurt dignity. "I am the bearer of a most important message to you."

"From whom?"

"From—from— Dallas is home; landed this morning."

A light came into the mayor's tired eyes at the news.

"And the message?" he asked eagerly.

"That's the message. She's home."

"She sent you to tell me that?"

"No; not exactly that," evaded Perry, wriggling uncomfortably.

"Well, what was her message then?"

"She—she didn't send any."

"Then who sent the message that she has come home?"

"Well, the fact is I sent it myself That's why I brought it."

"Oh, you poor idiot!" laughed Bennett. "The same old excuse in a new shape! Well, now you're here, you can stay just five minutes. I'm too busy to play with little boys today."

"Little boys! I'll be twenty-two next spring. I"—

"Any messages while I was out, Miss Garrison?"

"Yes, one," answered Cynthia. "Your mother telephoned that she would be here at half past 2. She said she had a surprise for you."

"Say," remarked Perry, feeling he was being excluded from the talk, "I'd go easy on that surprise if I were you, Alwyn. I've had surprises over the telephone myself, and they're punk. Once a girl"—

"Alderman Phelan would like to speak to your honor," said Ingram, the old doorkeeper, popping out of the anteroom.

"Show him in," answered Bennett. "Now, then, Perry"—

"Were you about to ask me to stay awhile longer?" asked the boy. "Because I'm sorry, but I can't. Goodby. Good afternoon, Miss Garrison. Glad you liked the photo. So long. Maybe I'll bring another message from Dallas tomorrow."

"What can Phelan want of me, I wonder," mused Bennett, half aloud. "He and I scarcely— Good afternoon, alderman! I think this is the first time you've honored me with a visit."

"Then be lenient with a first offense, your honor," suggested Phelan, shaking hands with the mayor and nodding pleasantly to Cynthia as she passed out to her own office.

"Something important, I suppose," hazarded Bennett.

"Maybe it is important, and maybe it isn't," returned Phelan. "It all depends on whether that was a true story in the Chronicle today about your vetoing the Borough Street railway bill. If you're really vetoed that bill all I'll have to do is to say, 'Sorry I can't stay longer,' and get out."

"No," said Bennett, "that announcement wasn't authorized. I haven't vetoed the Borough Street railway bill. In fact, I haven't made public any decision on it. Why?"

"I'm glad to hear it, and, that being the case, I'll invite myself to a seat and stay awhile. Say, your honor, on the level, that Borough bill was the rawest thing that ever came across. Gee, but they did their work with a meat ax!"

"Then you weren't one of the aldermen who voted for it?"

"Me? Nothin' doing. I don't belong to Dick Horrigan's 'solid thirteen.' He can't buy and sell me at his own terms like he does them thirteen geezers."

"And yet, alderman, from your reputation"—

"From my reputation I'm a crook, hey? Well, there's crooks and crooks. And I'm one of the other kind, if I'm crooked at all, which I deny most enthoosiastically. At least I follow no Horrigan whistle."

"Then why are you here in regard to the Borough bill?"

"Perhaps it's on the theory of 'set a thief to catch a thief.'"

"Well," laughed Bennett, amused in spite of himself by the alderman's frankness, "at least you call a spade a spade."

"I sure don't refer to it vague, but as a 'utensil.' You don't need any footnote explanations in one syllable when Jimmy Phelan's talking. Every move a picture. If I hadn't been through the game from shinile to cash in, would I be wise to what the Horrigan crowd is framing up on you now? Say, I've done some raw work in my time, but this Borough business is the coarsest yet. They must think you're the original Mr. Good Thing."

"You speak as if I were to be made responsible for"—

"And ain't you?" cried Phelan. "Sure you are. When the people get wise to what they're up against and commence to do their screamin will they remember that So-and-so framed the bill and that such and such aldermen voted for it? Not them. What the public will remember is that you signed it. It'll go screechin' down the corridors of time as 'the iniquitous Borough franchise bill that Bennett signed.' Catch the idea?"

"Yes," said Bennett grimly; "I understand. But what I don't see is why you should have taken the trouble to come here and warn me of this. You've never shown any special fondness for me hitherto."

"That's right. But I've shown bunches of unfondness for Chesty Dick Horrigan. And Horrigan's the man who's rushing the Borough bill through. Lord, what a bill! It's so crooked that if it was laid out like a street the man who tried to walk along it would meet himself coming back. Why, your honor, I"—

"Mr. Wainwright, your honor," said Ingram at the door; "says he won't detain you long."

"Let him in if you like," suggested Phelan. "I can wait. Shall I go into the other"—

"No. Wait here if you choose. His business isn't likely to be private."

"I'm sorry to break in on your rush hours," said Wainwright as he advanced to greet the mayor. "I won't keep you long. Good afternoon, alderman."

"Howdy," returned Phelan, walking over to the far end of the office, where, by falling into deep and admiring study of a particularly atrocious portrait of some earlier mayor, he denoted that he was temporarily out of the conversation.

"I'll come to the point at once, Mr. Bennett," began Wainwright. "I called to see you about the Borough Street railway bill."

"That's an odd coincidence," answered Bennett. "I was going to call you up this afternoon and ask your opinion of it. What do you think of the measure?"

"What does he think of it?" muttered Phelan, addressing the portrait in an aside that was perfectly audible. "What does he think of it? And him ownin' the rival road! Oh, easy! Ask him a real hard one!"

"You're mistaken, alderman," returned Wainwright blandly. "I am inclined to favor the passage of the Borough bill."

Phelan shot one keen glance of incredulity at the financier, then wheeled about and resumed his rapt study of the portrait.

"Yes," continued Wainwright, "I admit that my City Surface line is in a way the rival of the Borough Street railway, but in a big city like this there's surely room for both lines to carry on a prosperous business, so why should they try to injure each other?"

"Why, oh, why?" echoed Phelan, again addressing the portrait. "Can I be gettin' so old that I've begun hearin' queer things that's never said?"

Wainwright paid no heed to the interpolation, but went on:

"Of course the franchise will be a good thing for the Borough road, but it needn't hurt the City Surface line. Besides, the passing of the bill made Borough stock rise from 63 to 81. Then when that unauthorized announcement was made today that your honor would veto it the stock tumbled from 81 to 73. Just see what power rests with you, Mr. Bennett! If you should veto the bill, the Borough stock will slump to almost nothing. Think what that will mean to widows and orphans and all sorts of poor people who have invested all their savings in that stock!"

"I'll be hearin' harps next," said Phelan.

"I'll be hearin' harps twangin' next," groaned Phelan in wonder. "Has the poor, dear man got swellin' of the heart, or is he maybe the advance agent of the millennium? To think of old Tightwad Wainwright"—

Ingram forestalled any reply from the financier by entering with the tidings that Thompson was in the anteroom with an important message for Wainwright.

"May I see him in here?" asked the visitor. "It is my private secretary, and"—

"Certainly," asserted Bennett. "Show him in, Ingram."

"I'd like to see a private secretary of mine come butlin' in like this," confided Phelan to the picture. "I'd chase him so far he'd discover a new street. I'd"—

The alderman broke off short. His eye had fallen on Thompson as the latter entered. Phelan stood rigid, with mouth open and eyes bulging, taking in every detail of the quiet, pallid young man's appearance. The secretary meanwhile had gone up to Wainwright and began to deliver his message.

"Mr. Horrigan called you up, sir," said he, "just a minute or so after you left the office. He wishes you to come and see him immediately if possible."

"All right," answered the financier. "I'll come at once. I'm sorry, your honor, that I am called away just now, for I'd like to discuss this Borough bill further with you. But what I wished to express can be said in a nutshell. If I, who own the rival road, am in favor of granting the Borough franchise, I can't see why any one else should object to it. Come on, Thompson. Good day, your honor. Good day, alderman."

The financier passed out. Thompson was following when Phelan, who had never once removed his eyes from the secretary, stepped in front of him.

"Well, young man!" said he.

"Well, sir!" said Thompson in mild surprise.

"You remember me?"

"I don't think so, sir."

"Huh! That's queer! I'm Alderman Phelan of the Eighth."

"I've read about you, of course, sir, but I"—

"But you don't know me? Never met me before?"

"I'm sorry, sir, but I can't recall it if I did. Good day, sir."

The secretary hurried out after his employer. Phelan, with a puzzled shake of the head, seemed trying to solve some elusive problem. But Bennett, who had not noted the brief scene between Thompson and the alderman, broke in on the latter's musings with the remark:

"You appeared to be amazed at Mr. Wainwright's attitude toward the Borough Street railway franchise."

"'Amazed' is a mild, gentle word for my feeling," declared the alderman. "To hear that old flint heart prattlin' about widows and orphans and fair play—why, say, your honor, I know Charles Wainwright from way back, and I tell you he has the same affection for the money of widows and orphans that a tomcat has for a canary. As for fair play, he wouldn't recognize it if he was to hear it through a megaphone. He's up to something! I don't know just what. But I'll"—

"Come, come!" remonstrated Bennett good humoredly. "I'm sure you do Wainwright an injustice. He"—

"He's a fine old bird! Do you chance to remember the Garrison case nine years back? President Garrison of the Israel Putnam Trust company"—

"Who shot himself after being ruined by a financier who was his dearest friend? Yes. What has that to do with"—

"With Wainwright? Oh, nothin' much. Only Wainwright happened to be the financier."

"No! You must be mistaken."

"Am I? I ought to know something about it. I was the chief of police at the time and handled the case. It was I who suppressed Wainwright's name. For a small consideration I"—

"Wainwright!" gasped Bennett. "Of all men! But"—

"So you see why I coppered the 'mercy' and 'fair play' cards when he dealt 'em just now," purred Phelan. "There's something big behind this talk of his in favor of the Borough bill. Wasn't it at his house last summer that Horrigan offered you the nomination? That's the story, and"—

"Yes. On the 25th of July. He"—

"The 25th of July, hey? That was the day he had me out there. The day I met that fellow Gibbs. By the way, your honor, the papers say it's Gibbs' firm that's buyin' all that Borough stock. They've been buyin' it up on the quiet for months. I begin to see a lot of funny little lights that make this thing clearer. Gibbs is buyin' Borough stock. He's Wainwright's chum. Horrigan and Wainwright frame up your nomination; then the minute you come into power this Borough franchise bill is flashed on you by Horrigan, and Wainwright begs you to sign it. Take my tip—Wainwright owns the Borough road as well the City Surface, and Horrigan's gettin' a fat wad of stock for arranging the franchise. Oh, they've got your honor all tied up in ribbons, like you was a measly bookay. You and me ought to get together and fight this thing out side by side, and when once I get the Indian sign on Dick Horrigan"—

"But I've no personal quarrel with Horrigan. He"—

"You've got the same quarrel with him that the pigeon has with the muskrat. If you don't use your wings you'll be swallowed. Let me put you on to a few of the little jokers in that bill of his. You see"—

"I see more about that bill than you think," interposed Bennett. "I've worked over it night after night, with my lawyer. Don't you get the idea I've been asleep just because I haven't been making any premature disturbance."

He held out his hand, and Bennett gripped it cordially.

"I think," observed Phelan slowly, "I think I'm beginnin' to get a new line on you and understand you better. If it's any joy to you to know it, Jimmy Phelan says, 'You're all right!'"

He held out his hand, and Bennett gripped it cordially.

"I'm glad we had this talk, alderman," said he. "We are fighting from different points of view, but our main object is the same. I think we can pull together on this matter."

"We sure can!" agreed Phelan. "An' as for Horrigan, when I'm done with him he'll be rolled up in a nice bundle, an' I'll print on it in big letters, 'Use all the hooks you like.'"

"Mrs. Bennett, sir," said Ingram.

"I thought you was single!" exclaimed Phelan.

"It's my mother. Show her in."

From the musty antechamber came the rustle of feminine attire, and Mrs. Bennett came in. Devoted as he was to his mother, Alwyn now had no eyes for her, for over her shoulder he had caught a glimpse of another face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HIS LIFE MASK.

The Actor's Breezy Story of the Way It Was Taken.

A famous actor entertaining some ladies at dinner showed them his life mask, then told them with feeling how the mask had been made. "They put me in a chair," he said, "tied a towel around my head, plugged my ears with greased wool and stuck a quill in each nostril.

"'Shet yer eyes,' said the workman, drawing near with a ladle and a large steaming tureen of pink plaster of paris of the consistency of thick soup, and he slapped the stuff on my face in great ladlefuls. I could feel it running down my collar and over my chest just as soup would have done. I motioned with my hands wildly. The man laughed.

"'That's all right, boss,' he said, and kept slapping the hot, horrible, slimy stuff upon me.

"He stopped when my face was incased in a half inch coat of plaster. He told me it would dry and harden in a few minutes. It did, but the minutes were awful. As the plaster dried it seemed to shrink, shrinking my skin with it. In a hundred places I was pinched and pricked as though by tiny crab claws. And the heat of the thing! And the difficulty of breathing through the quills stuck in my nostrils! Then, very carefully, very slowly, they drew the hardened cast from my face. I gripped the chair arms and shrieked. Did it pull? Did it tear? Let us draw a veil over the painful scene."

The actor smiled and handed his life mask about. "Behold," he said, "the result of my suffering! It looks like a particularly dull and inanimate false face, doesn't it?"

The Dark and Bloody Ground.

Before the white man began to explore Kentucky, about the middle of the eighteenth century, the region was a vast hunting ground for many large tribes of the south, north and east, and between these tribes there was continuous conflict for the possession of the rich game privileges. Later on, when the white people settled in the territory, their struggle with the red men was more bitter and persistent than in almost any other section of the continent; hence the sanguinary name that was given to the territory, "The Dark and Bloody Ground."—New York American.

Well Known Signal.

The trainman who when sober was so competent that the officials had winked at his occasional bibulous lapses was at last called up on the carpet.

"What does this mean?" asked the trainmaster sternly. "A month ago you went on a prolonged bat when we were short handed—stayed drunk a month. Then recently you were away on two different occasions for a half week each time. What does it mean?"

"Why," said the trainman, "I am surprised that you should ask me what it means. I had understood that you came up from the ranks yourself, and yet you ask me the meaning of one long toot and two short ones. I thought everybody knew that was the signal to stop."—Chicago News.

Misguided.

Minister's Wife—Wake up! There are burglars in the house, John. Minister—Well, what of it? Let them find out their mistake themselves.—Christian Register.

A slip of the tongue is worse than that of the foot.—Spanish Proverb.

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To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplying sugar and phosphates to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.

In sleeplessness it causes quiet and natural sleep.

DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

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Orders left at the Gas Office, 181 Thames street, or at Gas Works will be filled promptly.

"What are you going out before the curtain again for?" demanded the stage manager, clutching the arm of the new vaudeville artist, who had just made a dismal failure.

"Somebody clapped," blurted the actor, "and I want to find out who it was."

Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131
House Telephone 1010

Saturday, May 16, 1908.

Providence is having an epidemic of typhoid fever, over one hundred cases having already developed there.

It will be Taft and —— for the leaders of the next campaign. Whoever the blank may be, it will be a good ticket.

The General Assembly has still before it several important measures to be completed, such as the temperance bill, the automobile bill and the banking act. It is hoped however that another week may see the end of the session.

The automobile bill as passed by the House Thursday allows the maximum speed limit to remain at 25 miles an hour as passed by the Senate. It makes the speed limit in cities and compact villages 15 miles an hour, and makes the license fees fifty cents per horse power.

The House has passed the Vreeland currency bill, and the Senate the Aldrich bill. It will now be in order to put the two together and call them the Aldrich-Vreeland bill. The sponsors for either or both of the bills will probably need an introduction to them in order to know them when they become a law.

From Indianapolis comes the report that the developments of the past week, especially the overwhelming Taft victory in Kentucky, have convinced the friends of Vice-President Fairbanks that there is no possibility of his nomination, and it is expected that he will quietly drop out of the race. In that event the 30 Indiana votes would go to the Taft column.

New York Herald states that, in his contest for control of the national Democratic convention, which meets at Denver, July 7, William J. Bryan continues to distance his competitors. He already has 300 delegates instructed for him. He also stands to win 426 delegates in states where conventions or direct primaries are yet to be held. The uninstructed delegates number 142 but it is estimated that about 100 of these will vote for Mr. Bryan.

New York Herald says all but 128 out of 980 delegates to the Republican convention have been elected. It gives Taft 512 votes so far, and says he is so far in the lead that it would seem impossible to defeat him. A movement to stampede for Roosevelt is now the only bar to his success, and such a campaign, directed from Washington and not by Senator Bourne, is well organized. The Herald gives Roosevelt 126 delegates and Hughes 88.

The General Assembly ought to have begun earlier to refuse to increase the salaries of State officers. The present legislative session has been a remarkable one, but no more remarkable in any particular than in the ease with which the State's money has been voted away.—Daily News.

It is a mistake to say that this General Assembly has been extravagant in the increase of salaries of the State officials. Not a single increase has been made until after a careful consideration of the facts and conditions. Whenever a salary has been raised it has been for officials of long and faithful service and in every instance the duties devolving upon these officials have largely increased; some of them more than doubled. There is not a single officer who has had his salary raised but what could earn more money than he is now getting in a business or professional capacity. The pressure upon the General Assembly for increased appropriations has been great, and the needs of the State in most of its departments have been and are great and constantly increasing, but the Assembly has made its appropriations on the most conservative scale and only where the public interests were of the most pressing nature.

The vote of the General Assembly this week in cancelling $15,000 of the debt of the town of New Shoreham to the State was not a vote of sympathy to the town as some suppose but a matter of justice and equity. This money was expended in opening up the entrance to the Great Salt Pond in that town whereby a harbor of refuge was created, in the estimation of mariners far superior to any similar harbor on the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida. This harbor of refuge contains six hundred acres of safe anchorage with from 16 to 60 feet of water. More than one hundred vessels have sought this refuge in one storm. More than five thousand vessels have entered there in one year and more than twenty-five thousand vessels have passed within hailing distance of this harbor in that time. In order to interest the U. S. Government in this harbor in the beginning it was necessary for some one to take the initiative. The town put in $40,000 of which the $15,000 just remitted was a part and the State put in $40,000; the Government then appropriated $285,000 and the harbor was made available. As this harbor is of national importance rather than local the U. S. Government should reimburse the town and the State for the outlay made by both and if the State's claim is properly pressed it will probably be successful. The State is in much better shape to press the claim than is the town.

General Assembly.

The members of the General Assembly have not yet completed their labors and there is prospect of at least another week of work ahead of them without pay. There are still a number of important measures to be acted upon in concurrence, the Senate and House not being in entire agreement upon some of these measures. Among the important bills not yet passed in concurrence is the banking law. On this bill the House committee on judiciary will undoubtedly make some amendments, the one that is causing the most talk being the probable amendment to make the bank commissioner elected by grand committee instead of appointed by the Governor. Another measure on which there is disagreement between the two houses is the automobile bill, which was first passed by the House, amended by the Senate, again amended by the House and sent to the Senate for concurrence. The Senate also voted to indefinitely postpone the bill for the salary increase for the judges, which was passed by the House.

The resolution remitting the note of the Town of New Shoreham to the State for work done on the New Harbor has been passed in concurrence after a lively debate in the Senate. The House has passed in concurrence the resolution allowing the Newport Firemen's Relief Association to use the State Armory in this city for a ball. The resolution making an appropriation for the Newport Artillery Company is now in the hands of the House committee on finance and will be favorably reported next week and then passed in concurrence.

The Eternal Boy.

The New York Sun quotes one of the oldest and most respected members of the Senate as saying of the President: "Mr. Roosevelt has always been a very young man. His body matures, but his mind is just the same as it was when he came out of Harvard. All the things that he does are the ebullitions of an irrepressible boyhood, and no matter to what age he may attain, he will remain the same. Mr. Choate, the leader of the New York bar, gained this conception of him over ten years ago. I recollect that in a moment of impulsive admiration he once apostrophized him as 'Roosevelt, the eternal boy!' That is precisely what he is, a boy in mind, with all a boy's vehemence and instantaneity of decision, and all of youth's glorious privilege of dispensing with the teaching of experience. We must not be too impatient with him. Indeed, I do not know anybody whom I envy as much as I do Mr. Roosevelt."

Exorbitant Receivership Fees.

From the Banker & Tradesman.

A young man who was recently getting $35 a week in his father's law office was appointed counsel to the receiver of a New York concern to succeed his father, who had been elected a judge. For his valuable services to the receiver for 210 days he asks $30,000, or about $140 a day. The costs of receiverships have been a notorious scandal for years, and in a recent message Governor Hughes directed especial attention to it. The father of this young man collected a good deal more than a hundred thousand dollars for his services, and has still pending claims for a considerable sum in addition, and testimony is now being taken on the relation between the son's legal services and the small fortune he has charged for them. It is such scandals as this that give bitterness to the epigram that "the receiver is as bad as the thief."

The Tide of Immigration.

It is quite evident from the returns of immigration that the people of Europe are familiar with existing industrial conditions in this country. During last March the arrivals at Ellis Island were 100,000 less than in the corresponding month of last year, or in exact figures, 23,226, against 121,368. Of these new-comers 19,000 came to their relatives and 8000 to their friends, which leaves an extremely small fraction for the National Immigration Aid Bureau and its official retinue in Washington. It is predicted that for the month of April there will be another decline of not less than 100,000 from the immigration of April last year. But with the revival of industrial activities the tide of immigration will flow again, though not probably in as great a volume as in the last ten years.

Who Pays the Price.

A few years ago when the price of labor and all railroad materials was soaring, the railroads were not permitted to meet their own advancing costs with rate increases. Instead they were being told by Government everywhere to lower their rates. In the meantime by "regulating" enactments and orders Government was adding to the fixed charges of the railroads, and now, when the pinch comes, it is going to be seen clearly who has to pay the price in the end.

Of the 104 delegates chosen last week to the Republican national convention Taft secured 50 and now has 863 uncontested delegates. The combined allies have 219; there are 148 uninstructed delegates and 112 involved in contests.

The Old Stone Mill.

(Boston Transcript.)

An interesting hypothesis is advanced by a Mr. Athinus Hasselgren of Newport, concerning the round stone tower at Newport, which has been the theme of poets, novelists, historians, ethnologists, geographers, and antiquarian controversialists time out of mind. Discussion breaks out afresh over the particular point of the significance of the "ebouliders," as builders and architects would call them, at the top of the round pillars supporting the superstructure. These flanges suggest the rafters of some lean-to, and from this hint the learned Prof. Rafn of Copenhagen, secretary of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, has constructed the theory that the central part of a church or baptistery used by the bishops of Greenland and Vinland, which was a Greenlanders' colony, is what we have before us in Newport's "Old Mill." That it was used as a mill at the close of the 17th century is sufficiently well attested by documentary evidence. Mr. Hasselgren presses hard the sticklers for the mill theory by showing that Peter Easton was granted the land of Easton's Point for erecting the first mill and arguing therefrom that if the erection of a mere wooden mill could have excited so much public gratitude, it is inconceivable that the subsequent erection of this remarkable structure, by far the most important building in Newport of the day, should have left absolutely no trace in local annals. The conclusion is entirely reasonable that the tower was not subsequently built but had been always there, accepted and ignored, as almost a natural object, like a strange boulder such as Squam Rock at Annisquam, say, or the big sand dunes at the tip of Cape Cod. It had been there since nobody knew when and there was no particular reason for destroying it, as flat building stone was too plenty, happily, to justify resorting to it, as the Roman Coliseum was for centuries drawn on for cut stone.

The eight round columns supporting the circular tower indicate, according to Prof. Rafn, as many aisles centering upon space beneath the tower, answering to the nave of the baptistery. Of course, the supports of the extensions of these aisles, detached pillars probably, after the woodwork had disappeared would have been naturally disposed of in the later settlers' wall-fence building for their farms. It is a pretty picture this theory makes in the imagination—a circular church with a round stone tower emerging from the low-slanting circular roof. There are many such buildings in Europe dating from the Middle Ages—one remarkably similar at Asti, Italy; and the large baptistery at Pisa is not unlike. At about the year 1000 A. D. when Lief Ericson voyaged far south-ward from Greenland, there were 300 villages in Greenland, with 20 churches and a corresponding number of convents, and regular interchanges of religious visitants between the northern colonies and Rome are told of in the Sagas. Our intelligent and high-spirited Scandinavian contingent will be likely to rally strongly to the support of the contention that this romantic and mysterious but fortunately well-preserved ruin is the relic of the most ancient Christian church on this continent—the one discovered trace of importance of the most ancient civilization on the shores of North America.

Preserve Local Histories.

The history of a typical New England town is a history in miniature of New England. When one of these old towns celebrates the centennial or some other important anniversary of its founding and brings back its sons who have won fame elsewhere to tell the story, a great deal is said that is of historic and literary value, with a flavor of folklore in reminiscences and anecdotes which rarely gets into more formal volumes. A good illustration lies before us in the collected papers and records of the celebration of the bicentennial of the founding of New Milford, Conn. Men of national reputation in church and state have gone out from that town. The late President Noah Porter of Yale was once the pastor of the Congregational Church. One of the two sons of Connecticut whose statues are in the capitol at Washington was Roger Sherman of New Milford, whose career was finely sketched in an address by Chief Justice S. E. Baldwin. Local characters which would grace a first-class novel are described in some of the addresses. The editor, Minot S. Giddings, has done his part well, and the collection with illustrations makes a comely volume of over 300 pages. The present and coming generations will know more and care much more about their native town because this celebration took place and these records of it are preserved. It is a wise investment for any town, with a worthy history to commemorate it and to keep in the minds of its citizens the things which have given it value. This is the more important for those New England towns whose native stock has been in large measure supplemented by immigration, and whose chief characteristics in this way may be preserved.—Congregationalist.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented for the owner, George A. Wood, the middle flat in block known as No. 25 Thames street to Frederick Meyer.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented in Jamestown for the summer season, for Mrs. Charles Burroughs and the Misses Cahoone, their furnished cottage on the east shore front to Mrs. H. B. Tooker of Washington, D. C.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented to Mrs. Charlotte O. Southwick for the estate of George Sherman the lower half of the double house, No. 27 Division street.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for residence No. 29 Mann avenue, for Mrs Theresa Dillon to Frank W. Greenlaw, principal of the Coles Laboratory.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented the upper half of the two tenement house No. 35 Houston avenue, belonging to Elmer E. Tucker, to James J. Christensen.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented her what is known as "Barnum & Bailey's Greatest Show on Earth" the large Hazard lot at the 1 Mile Corner, to be occupied on Thursday 11th June by the proprietor of that Circus.

J. B. Parsonage & Son have leased for C. Astor Bristed his stone mansion, known as "Solsack", on Wickham Road, to Peter Fenlon Collier.

Washington Matters.

The Assembly of the Governors—Ohio Democracy Makes a Peculiar Move—Use of Secret Service Men—Notes.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

Washington, D. C., May 13, 1908.

An epoch-making gathering will assemble in Washington on May 13th, at which time the Governors of almost every State in the union accompanied each by three lieutenants, the National Inland Waterways Commission, the Supreme Court of the United States, and representatives of both houses of Congress will gather in the East room of the White House to participate in a conference, presided over by the President of the United States, and during the six sessions to occur on the 13th, 14th and 15th, will endeavor to formulate a practical programme for the co-operative conservation of the national resources of the nation. With a view to promoting that spirit of good fellowship, which will make greatly for the success of the conference, President Roosevelt will entertain at dinner on the evening before the conference, the Governors, the members of the Supreme Court, the Secretaries of the Interior and of Agriculture, and five distinguished citizens of the United States namely Ex-President Cleveland, William J. Bryan, J. J. Hill, Andrew Carnegie and John Mitchell. All have accepted the invitation with the exception of Mr. Cleveland, and he has indicated his desire to attend if his health will permit. On the evening of May 14th, Gifford Pinchot, National Forester, will give a large reception in honor of the Governors and other distinguished guests, and on the afternoon of the 15th, Mrs. Roosevelt will give a garden party in their honor, in the White House grounds.

Republicans in Washington who are thoroughly familiar with conditions in Ohio, have never felt any serious anxiety concerning the outcome of the election in that State, but certain of the more timid souls have feared that Mr. Foraker's antagonism to the National ticket might militate against Republican success. All such fears now, however, have been dispelled by the extraordinary course of the Ohio Democracy. They have made the error of nominating for Governor Judge Harmon who has consistently opposed William J. Bryan in the past and who now finds himself a candidate for Governor on a ticket which cordially endorses Bryan. Republicans are asking what will be the effect of Judge Harmon's nomination? Will he swallow Bryan and Bryanism, or will he stand by his own principles in opposition to the platform on which he is nominated? Will the Bryan Democrats of Ohio enthusiastically vote for their anti-Bryan candidate, or will their loyalty to Mr. Bryan prompt them to knife Judge Harmon? In any event, there will be, in the opinion of Washington Republicans, an ample number of malcontents to offset any such who may be found in the Republican ranks, and the Republicans assert that it is the old story of the Democrats in a critical situation, making precisely the blunder needed to insure Republican success.

One of the subjects under serious consideration at the meeting of the Cabinet this week was the action of the House in seeking, by an amendment to the sundry civil appropriation bill, to prevent the use of Secret Service men by any department other than the Treasury, and by it only for the purpose of detecting counterfeiters and for guarding the President. Several members of the cabinet declared that concurrence by the Senate in the action of the House would seriously cripple the administration. The law prohibits the employment by the government of private detectives, and without the secret service men frauds of almost infinite variety may proceed unmolested and unprosecuted. Aside from their special line, counterfeiting, the secret service men are rarely employed to detect crime, but they render invaluable service in getting the evidence on which to base prosecutions of frauds already detected by the various officials. In the opinion of the administration, the real opposition to the operations of the secret service comes from those whose sympathies have been enlisted by men prosecuted for public land and timber frauds, although it is realized, of course, that certain business and transportation interests that could greatly augment their profits by wholesale violations of law are all overjoyed at the prospective curtailment of the usefulness of the service.

The marble bust of Abraham Lincoln by Sculptor Guizon Borglum of New York which has been accepted by the Joint Library Committee and will be given a place in the Capitol buildings is a present to the government from Eugene Meyer, Jr., of New York. The head, of heroic size, was sent to the White House in February last for the inspection of President Roosevelt and has remained there until recently. The President was much pleased with it and Robert Lincoln says of it, in a letter: "I think it the most extraordinarily good portrait of my father I have ever seen."

There are thirty-seven governors in Washington. They appear to be having the time of their lives and the President is also having the time of his life, for he has at least got an appreciative and enthusiastic set of listeners.

At this writing it looks as though Secretary Taft had the Chicago Convention nailed solid. Unless all signs fail he will be nominated on the first ballot.

Punished For Violating Injunction

Fred Tucker of Rumford Falls, Me., was sentenced to seventy-five days at hard labor in the county jail for violating an injunction restraining him from allowing a building which he owns to be used as a resort where intoxicating liquors are dispensed, it is alleged, illegally. It is the first time the courts in Maine have sentenced a person for violating an injunction of this kind.

Tract Society Retrenchment

At the annual meeting of the American Tract society the positions of three secretaries—publishing, district missionary and financial—whose salaries aggregate $10,000, were abolished. Their work will be performed by a general secretary, Rev. Dr. Swift of New York being appointed acting secretary until the election of a permanent holder of the position.

Waiter (who has just served up some soup)—Looks uncommonly like rain, sir.

Diner—Yes, by Jove, and tastes like it, to! Bring me some thick soup.—Tatler.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., May 15, 1908.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent May 13 to 17, warm wave 12 to 16, cool wave 15 to 19. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about May 18, cross Pacific slope by close of 17, great central valleys 18 to 20, eastern states 21. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about May 16, great central valleys 18, eastern states 20. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about May 19, great central valleys 21, eastern states 23.

This disturbance will be of more than usual force. Where some rain has been falling it will increase and where it has been dry it will be drier. The tendency of the temperatures will be downward preparatory to a very cool spell of weather for May.

Fifth disturbance of May will reach Pacific coast about 20, cross Pacific slope by close of 21, great central valleys 22 to 24, eastern states 25. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about May 20, great central valleys 22, eastern states 24. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about May 23, great central valleys 25, eastern states 27.

Weather will average cooler than usual during the week of this disturbance. Moderate rains may be expected except in the drouth districts and the forces of the storms will continue to increase.

Immediately following May 16 threatening weather and an increase of the storm forces will come. General tendency of temperatures will be downward and showers will increase east of the Mississippi.

The best growing weather of May will have passed by May 16 and from that to end of the month temperatures will be too low for rapid vegetable growth. Last half of May will cause some uneasiness on account of drouth west of the Mississippi and cold rains east of that line with tendency to rust on the wheat. In middle Canada the weather will not be good for spring wheat. Corn will not do well last half of May and oats will be affected in places by drouth and farther east by cold rains.

In Lawton-Warren Post Hall on Thursday evening the members of the new Colonel John Hare Powel Camp, Sons of Veterans, were mustered in by State Commander Frank T. Sibley of Providence. There are 28 charter members and the first commander of the new camp is Mr. Samuel S. Thompson.

A large number of summer residents were in the city the past week, and are planning for an early arrival.

Miss Paul has arrived at her cottage on Washington street for the season.

Hooligan—Oi do be wonderin' how th' number av min in church compares wid th' wimmin?

Hinnessy—About th' same as th' wimmen compare wid th' min in th' pinitinchiary.—Judge.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

MAY 1908. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water Morn	High water Eve.
16 Sat	4 42	7 10	7 52	8 53	7 51
17 Sun	4 42	7 11	8 2	8 21	8 37
18 Mon	4 42	7 12	10 8	9 08	9 27
19 Tues	4 40	7 13	11 9	10 02	10 20
20 Wed	4 39	7 14	m'rn	10 58	11 17
21 Thurs	4 38	7 15	0 0		12 01
22 Fri	4 37	7 16	0 44	12 20	1 05

First Quarter, 8th day, 6h. 23m., morning.
Full Moon, 15th day, 11h. 32m., evening.
Last Quarter, 22th day, 7h. 17m., evening.
New Moon, 29th day, 10 h. 14 m., evening.

Two Real Estate Opportunities

SMALL COTTAGE

FOR SALE IN FIFTH WARD.

This is an excellent cottage, containing Parlor, Dining-room, Kitchen and Pantry, 6 Bedrooms, Bath, &c., Hotwater heater, set tubs. Price $3,350. A most desirable home for a gardener or a valet having work in the southern part of the island.

Farm of 12 Acres For Sale.

This farm is on the West Main Road in Portsmouth. It contains a good 9-room cottage, barn and outbuildings. Remarkably cheap, $5,000.

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

182 Bellevue Avenue. Telephone 320.

Deaths.

In this city, 9th inst., Theodore H. Bishop, in his 80th year.

In this city, 10th inst., at his residence, 8 Hall avenue, Patrick J. Dooley.

In this city, 11th inst., Mary Gibbs, widow of Abraham T. Peckham, in her 87th year.

In this city, 14th inst., Josiah Saunders Hiss, in his 86th year.

In Quincy, Mass., 13th inst., Mary E., widow of Edward E. T. Taber and daughter of the late Ira and Mary French.

Funeral services at Belmont Memorial Chapel Saturday, 16th inst., at 3 p. m. Relatives and friends are invited.

In Westerly, suddenly, 9th inst., Frank Rice, formerly of this city.

In North Tiverton, 8th inst., Mary, widow of Daniel Sullivan.

In Bristol, 12th inst., Harriet Lincoln Lincoln, in her 80th year.

In Barrington, 13th inst., Nathaniel Parker Briggs, in his 84th year.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price 25 Cents. GENUINE must bear Fac-Simile Signature. Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

LOYAL TO JOHNSON

Minnesota Democrats Favor His Nomination For the Presidency

The Democrats of Minnesota formally endorsed Governor Johnson as a presidential candidate and at the same time, by a vote of 772 to 166, refused to declare in favor of William J. Bryan as a second choice.

The followers of Bryan did not carry out the threat which they have so often made—that they would bolt and hold a "rump" convention if their contests were defeated before the committee on credentials or if they were not able to secure a partial endorsement of their leader. They made a sturdy fight for their man and when they had been overwhelmingly defeated remained quietly in their seats and made no motion to leave.

Several days ago they had gone to length of leasing a hall two blocks from the auditorium in which the convention was held to endorse Bryan and select a contesting delegation to Denver. The hall was ready for them, but none of them went near it.

The Johnson men were generous in their victory, and declared in their platform that, while they entertained "an affection for and confidence in the integrity and ability of William J. Bryan," they believed that Johnson was a man better calculated to bring success to the Democratic party and was first entitled to the support of Minnesota.

The convention was a flattering tribute to Governor Johnson. The enthusiasm for him was unbounded and sincere, every mention of his name was instantly followed by a yell of delight and the final adoption of the platform formally endorsing him and instructing Minnesota to fight for him at Denver was followed by a demonstration of enthusiastic loyalty.

A Notable Event

The cornerstone of the proposed home for the International Union of American Republics, or, as Secretary Root aptly called it, "a temple dedicated to international friendship," was laid at Washington. Three thousand persons, including representatives of political, official and social life in Washington who had seats on the stands composing a great quadrangle were interested spectators of the ceremony. The decorations were in keeping with the occasion. During the ceremony the flag of each of the twenty-one countries represented was hauled aloft.

Fatal Plunge In Icy Waters

What prompted Miss Alice C. Loud, a refined young woman of Boston, to go to the lonesome stretch of beach off Fort Winthrop late at night for a dip in the icy waters of the ocean, where her lifeless body was discovered by soldiers, will probably never be known. That she arrived at the beach between 9:30 o'clock and midnight, undressed, and donned her bathing suit on the piazza of a small bungalow is the evidence found by the police. She was to have been married June 1 to Rev. Hiram Vrooman, pastor of the Church of the New Jerusalem, Providence.

Twenty-Nine Men Shot to Death

An attempt by prisoners to break out of the jail at Yekaterinoslav, after making a breach in the wall of the guard-room with a bomb, was a complete failure, but as a result twenty-eight of the prisoners were shot to death by the guard, and another of them died of his wounds. Thirty others were wounded, and it is expected that several of these will succumb.

Mills Increase Running Time

Nine mills of the New England Cotton Yarn company in New Bedford have increased their running time by fourteen hours a week. The mills have been on short time since last fall, due to the extreme dullness in the cotton yarn trade. There is also more machinery in operation at the company's mills in Fall River and Taunton.

A Reward For Mollory

Private Mollory of troop D. cavalry, who was exonerated for shooting Private Patrick Hynne, a convict, while attempting to make his escape from Fort Ethan Allen, has been made a lance sergeant. This position is next to sergeant, and he will be made a sergeant when there is a vacancy.

Explosion Kills Seven Mine Workers

Seven mine workers were killed and more than a dozen injured in an explosion in the Mount Lookout colliery, Wyoming, Pa. The explosion occurred 600 feet under ground and 1800 feet from the shaft up which the miners make their exit.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

Rev. John L. Sewall was elected secretary of the Worcester, Mass., Board of Trade, Herbert L. Sawyer declining further service.

Frank H. Lambert, 35, a dentist, was drowned at Lubec, Me., and his companion, Frank Keegan, was barely rescued by two men.

While playing on the banks of Scot's pond, Pawtucket, R. I., Henry McCrystal, aged 3½ years, fell into the water and was drowned.

Rev. Pelham Williams, D. D., of the diocese of Colorado, formerly one of the best known Episcopal clergymen in the country, died at his summer home at Scituate, Mass., following an illness of a week. He was born in Boston in 1834.

Joseph E. Dinsmore, aged 65, committed suicide by hanging at his home at Dresden, Me. His mind had been partially deranged for some time.

Daniel Connolly, aged 40, was struck by a train at Boston and died two hours later of his injuries.

The New England Board of the International Moulders' union elected Dennis J. O'Keefe of New Britain, Conn., president.

Quick Verdict and Sentence

Nicholas Wallace was convicted for the murder of Andrew Higgins, a Belleyville, Me., farmer, and was promptly sentenced to life imprisonment in the state prison. The jury reported a verdict thirty-five minutes after retiring and sentence was imposed within five minutes afterward. The motive for the crime was declared to have been robbery.

MRS GUNNESS' CRIMES

Authorities Certain That She Killed Ten Persons

BURNING OF HER FARMHOUSE

Not Definitely Established That Murderess Perished at That Time--Clergyman Denies That He Said Lamphere Confessed Crime

Little apparent headway has been made toward solving the mystery of the fourteen deaths thus far discovered on the farm of Mrs. Belle Gunness, north of La Porte, Ind. While little doubt remains that Mrs. Gunness, either alone or aided, killed the ten persons whose cadavers have been unearthed in the barnyard, there is still no definite evidence as to who, if anybody, killed the four persons found in the ruins of the burned farmhouse. It is not even definitely established that the burned woman's body is that of Mrs. Gunness.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to identify rings found on the burned corpses taken from the ruins of the Gunness home. Joseph Maxson, a laborer, said he had seen Mrs. Gunness wear a wide ring or two of the general description of the band ring found on the charred woman's body. He was unable to identify the diamond rings, but Coroner Mack took a deposition from him regarding his remembrance of the jewelry.

Attempts to identify the watch found on Ray Lamphere when he was arrested on a charge of setting fire to the Gunness house were balked by Smith. The timepiece is said to be a heavy silver case watch. Lamphere has said that the watch was given to him by Mrs. Gunness. Sheriff Smutzer yesterday recalled that Mrs. Gunness once asked him to arrest Lamphere on a charge of stealing a watch and a suit of clothes from her house.

Wesley Fogle, executor of the Gunness estate, has filed in court an inventory of the personal property discovered. The value thereof is given as $1,540.80.

Discussion of the reported statement which Dr. Schell was said to have made in Baltimore was general about La Porte. "I never received any information from Dr. Schell regarding the conversations which he held with Lamphere," said Sheriff Smutzer. "As a matter of fact I was out of town on business the days that he visited the jail, and I never talked with him about those visits. My suspicions were aroused against Lamphere as a consequence of the troubles which he had had with Mrs. Gunness. He pleaded guilty to charges of trespass the first time she had him arrested. He had made threats against her and she feared the man."

Prosecutor Smith curtly denied that Schell had told him that Lamphere had confessed or was ready to do so.

Did Not Say Lamphere Confessed

Rev. Dr. Schell, in talking with a newspaper man at Baltimore about the Gunness farm tragedy, denied that he said that Ray Lamphere helped to kill the Gunness children, but had no part in slaying any men except Helgelein.

"I have made no statement regarding this or any detail of my interview with Lamphere, except to say that Lamphere's communications to me were wholly privileged, and, unless he shall himself make the statements to Prosecuting Attorney Smith, will be maintained as an inviolable secret." Schell added that, like many others, he believed that Mrs. Gunness was alive, but that he had no knowledge of the fact. It was merely his personal opinion.

Women Seek Franchise

A delegation of women waited on the New Brunswick government at Fredericton and asked for the right to vote in provincial affairs, as they do now in civic and municipal elections. Mr. Hazen, leader of the government, explained that to grant their request would mean the imposition of income tax upon them, but was met with the reply that they were willing to pay it. Hazen promised careful consideration of the request.

Church Robber Stabbed to Death

Practically the whole population of Belleghem, Belgium, armed with clubs and knives, set upon and killed a man who was caught in the act of burglarizing the famous Chapel of the Virgin. The villagers had been highly incensed at previous church robberies. Seven of those implicated in the killing of the burglar were arrested. There were twenty-seven knife wounds on the body of the burglar.

Against Parcels Post System

The parcels post system was strongly condemned at the annual convention at Boston of the National Association of Retail Grocers of the United States. President Kramer gave an address in which he attacked the parcels post plan vigorously, and said that, if adopted, it would drive every merchant insane, especially those living in rural districts.

No Junk Shops in Chelsea

Junk shops, in whose district the conflagration started that wiped out a third of the city on April 12, must go, according to a vote of the Chelsea, Mass., board of aldermen. Leave to withdraw was given all applicants for license. As Chelsea is the junk and rag centre of the east, considerable opposition was manifested to the aldermen's action.

Baby Takes Military Oath

Prince Alfonso, infant son of King Alfonso, who was born May 10, 1907, was enrolled in the Spanish army at the royal chapel at Madrid. The little prince was attired in the uniform of a private of "the king's own regiment" and was carried by the queen to the altar, where the military oath was administered.

HELD AS A WITNESS

Man Arrested at Boston in Connection With Staula Murder

Dedham, Mass., May 15.—Francisco Cirasco, who was taken into custody in Boston yesterday afternoon in connection with the murder of Louise Staula, the child whose body was found in a meadow here last Monday night, was examined for several hours last evening by officers of the state and local police.

At the conclusion of the examination it was announced that Cirasco would be held as a witness pending further investigation, but that the story told by him seemed to free him from suspicion of any connection with the crime. His story, it was said, was substantiated in the main by the statements of other persons, although there were some discrepancies which will be investigated.

One of the persons examined last night gave information which is considered important. This witness said that about 5:15 o'clock on Monday afternoon he saw a small girl, presumably the Staula child, picking flowers at the top of the hill in the meadow, while at the foot of the hill, some distance away from the child, he noticed a man. The witness said that the man was of dark complexion and was possibly a mulatto.

Violated Contract Labor Law

Boston, May 15.—Henry Burnison and Mitchell Northrop were convicted of conspiring to violate the contract labor law by a jury in the United States district court. Sentence was deferred to give the defendants an opportunity to appeal their case. The evidence against the two was to the effect that they induced Benjamin Smith of Bradford, Eng., to come to this country and accept employment at the Benn woolen mills in Greystone, R. I. Smith brought his wife and eight children to the United States.

Brokers Sued by Receiver

North Attleboro, Mass., May 15.—Charles G. Bancroft, receiver of the Jewelers' National bank of North Attleboro, which was found to be insolvent following the sudden death of the cashier, Frederick E. Sargeant, has begun an action against the brokerage firm of Pettigrew, Bright & Co. of Boston, to secure money alleged to have been paid by Sargeant on a brokerage account which he carried with the concern. The ad damnum mentioned in the list is $20,000.

An Automobile Fatality

Boston, May 15.—Mrs. Matilda Brooks, aged 50, of Mansfield, who was struck by an automobile here last Sunday, died last night. Mrs. Brooks was in Boston to visit her daughter, a student at the Conservatory of Music, who is ill of typhoid fever. Harold O. Bigney of Attleboro, the owner and driver of the automobile, was arrested, charged with overspeeding, and was later released on $5000 bail.

Fitchburg to Get Big Trust Fund

Boston, May 15.—By the death yesterday of Mrs. Sarah G. Burbank, the city of Fitchburg will shortly come into the possession of a trust fund of $440,000. The money was bequeathed for the erection and maintenance of a hospital in Fitchburg by the late Gardiner S. Burbank, who died Feb. 7, 1898. His widow was given the income of the fund during her life.

Dull Trade Closes Hosiery Plant

Northampton, Mass., May 15.—The McCallum hosiery works, manufacturers of women's fine silk hosiery, closed down last night for an indefinite period. The plant employed 300 operatives and claimed to have paid its help higher wages than that of any similar manufacturing concern in the country. The shutdown is necessitated by the inactivity of trade.

Not Responsible For Conflagration

Chelsea, Mass., May 15.—Jacob Levitsky, aged 23, and Abraham Wolnitz, aged 30, the ragmen who were charged with arson in connection with the Chelsea fire of April 12, were released by Judge Bosson in the Chelsea police court, no probable cause being found against them.

Alleged Larceny of Letter

Pittsfield, Mass., May 15.—John J. Connelly, a mail carrier of this city, was arrested, charged with the larceny of a letter from the mails containing $40 in cash. Connelly was taken before Commissioner Wood and furnished bail of $300 for appearance later.

Cruiser Maryland Gets Trophy

Washington, May 15.—The armored cruiser Maryland was the trophy winner in the recent record target practice at Magdalena bay. Announcement of this was made at the navy department. The trophy is now in possession of the Illinois, and directions have been sent to the commander-in-chief of the Atlantic fleet, directing him to transfer it to the Maryland.

Thirty Deaths in Tornado

Shreveport, La., May 15.—Thirty dead and 200 injured is a conservative estimate of the fatalities caused by the tornado which swept through northwest Louisiana, destroying three small towns and leaving wrecked homes and ruined crops in a path a mile wide and fifty miles long. Only two houses are standing at Gilliam, which had about 200 inhabitants.

Insurance Men Hard Hit

New York, May 15.—The underwriters met in annual convention here. Statistics presented by President Burchell showed that the total property loss in the United States for 1907 was just short of $200,000,000. The insurance loss on the Chelsea, Mass., fire of April 12, Burchell said, was $8,845,879.

Stole to Settle Debts

For stealing a New York Yacht club cup from a Boston jewelry firm, A. B. Mills, a clerk, was sentenced to eighteen months in the house of correction. Mills told the court that he took the cup, which was valued at $125, to pay his indebtedness to loan companies. When recovered by the police the trophy was in pieces.

ÆROPLANE WRECKED

Wright Brothers' Machine Is Useless For Further Tests

CAUSED BY STEERING GEAR

Operator Used Wrong Lever and Came to Earth Too Quickly After Having Covered About Eight Miles In Less Than Eight Minutes

Norfolk, May 15.—Disaster overtook the daring aeronauts, Wilbur and Orville Wright, who have for two weeks made successful flights with their aeroplane at Kill Devil Hill, North Carolina, for, after the greatest flight ever made with a similar machine, the aeroplane was wrecked.

Wilbur Wright, the navigator, escaped unhurt except for a scratch on his face, but the machine was smashed and is now useless for further tests.

The aeroplane had flown eight miles in seven minutes and forty seconds under perfect control, and the disaster was due to an error by the navigator, who directed the course of the machine downward too quickly. The wrong lever was used and the bird-like framework darted downward, striking the ground with great force.

The machine was wrecked behind a sand hill two miles from its starting point. After leaving the house where it is kept, the aeroplane darted through the air for a mile and a half along the beach, when it turned westward for a flight of probably two miles. From here a second turn was made directly toward the starting point and the homeward progress was made under great headway until the accident occurred which cost the inventors their machine.

Allowing for the long curves and angles made by the flying apparatus, the distance covered during this last and fateful flight was about eight miles, and if the machine had returned to its moorings a ten-mile course would have been covered and the world's record for aeroplanes would have been broken.

Disappointed but undaunted, the Wright brothers began immediately after the wreck to pack up their effects, including the remnants of the shattered prize, preparatory to its shipment to their home in Dayton, O. No more tests will be made on the bleak North Carolina coast for the present.

Not since the Wrights have been at Kill Devil Hill has their machine appeared so complete an instrument for aerial navigation as it did yesterday, when it sailed its last flight.

Inexperience on the part of the operators in the manipulation of the new steering gear resulted in the disaster. This gearing had just been perfected and installed and Wilbur Wright was evidently unfamiliar with its operation.

Earlier in the day a short flight was made with Orville Wright and Furnass, the machinist, in the seats of the machine. This covered a course of about a mile and a half and was remarkable, in the light of former feats, only in the fact that its course was at all times on a curve.

On Wednesday the two aeronauts accomplished four successful flights, two of them after sunset, covering three and a half to four miles each time, and doing four miles down the coast in two minutes and fifty seconds at an altitude of forty feet. The aeronauts alighted each time, moreover, at the place of starting.

Bandits Made Off With $35,000

El Paso, Tex., May 15.—Pursued by men and bloodhounds, three bandits with $35,000 of loot in their possession are fleeing through the rugged mountain passes north of French, a little station on the Santa Fe railroad. At French they broke down the doors of the depot, bound and gagged the station agent and special guard, blew open the safe, took the money and rode away, leaving their victims helpless. The money had been sent yesterday to pay miners at Dawson, N. M.

A Gift From Rockefeller

Norfolk, May 15.—The cornerstone of the new $300,000 naval Y. M. C. A. building, given by John D. Rockefeller, was laid here. Mr. Rockefeller wrote: "It is a privilege to be permitted to give expression in this form to the pride which all Americans feel in their navy, and to you who have consecrated lives to our country's defense."

Gans Is Lightweight Champion

San Francisco, May 15.—Joe Gans, lightweight champion, and Rudolph Unholz, the "Fighting Boer," met last night in a scheduled twenty-round boxing contest for the world's lightweight championship and a guaranteed percentage of the gate receipts. Gans won the bout in the eleventh round.

Currency Bill Passed in House

Washington, May 15.—The Vreeland currency bill, agreed upon by the Republican caucus, was put through the house under a special rule by a vote of 184 to 145. Fifteen so-called "insurgents" of the majority party voted with the Democrats, who went on record solidly against the measure.

Fritzi Scheff Gets Divorce

New York, May 15.—A decree of absolute divorce in favor of Fritzi Scheff, the actress, was signed by Justice McCall, on a report of a referee who heard the evidence. Miss Scheff was married to Baron Von Badeleben in 1903.

Failure of Boston Brokers

The assignment, Tuesday, at Boston, of the firm of Nickerson, Simmons & Buss, stock brokers, was followed by a petition in bankruptcy by an attorney for the creditors. The petition is based on the general assignment made and claims concealment of assets of stock and bonds.

GOES TO NEXT SESSION

Foraker Has Senate Postpone Vote on the Brownsville Affair

By postponing until next session the time for considering and voting upon the bills providing for the reinstatement of the negro troops, charged with the "shooting-up" of Brownsville, Tex., in 1906, the senate found a way out of what had promised for some time to be an embarrassing obstacle in the way of the early adjournment of congress for the session.

After a motion offered by Senator Culberson to vote on the bill next Saturday had been defeated, 42 to 27, the postponement was ordered as the result of a motion by Senator Foraker, who hitherto has held to a determination to force a vote during the present session.

In the senate he announced his reason for the motion to be the desire to accommodate other senators who wish to speak on the subject, but in an informal statement given out afterwards he admitted that his real prompting was to be found in the fact that the chances for his bill would be better next December than they would now be. The vote for postponement was 42 to 6. Five Republicans voted with the Democrats in favor of Culberson's motion.

Vetoes by Acting Governor

Acting Governor Draper of Massachusetts vetoed three bills Tuesday. To the senate he sent his veto of the bills to increase the salaries of the justices of the supreme judicial and the superior courts, declaring: "My sole reason for returning these bills at this time without my approval is because of existing financial and business conditions." To the house Draper returned with his objections the bill to pay sheriffs who are masters of houses of correction $2000 additional to their salaries.

A Daring Assassination

In the midst of an unusually large crowd of passengers leaving the Sixth avenue elevated railroad station at Twenty-eighth street, New York, two assassins with knives lay in wait at the first landing of the stairway, sprang upon one of the descending passengers and stabbed him so severely that he died an hour later. The men quickly escaped. The dead man apparently an Armenian and the police think he was the victim of a Hunchakist plot.

Maine's New Congressman

John P. Swasey of Canton was nominated on the first ballot at the Second Maine congressional district Republican convention at Lewiston for congressman from that district, to succeed Congressman Charles E. Littlefield, whose resignation will take effect in September next. Swasey received 212 votes, Harold M. Sewall of Bath 123 and George C. Wing of Auburn 17. A motion to make the nomination unanimous was carried.

Strike Against Closed Shop

Nine hundred stone cutters went on strike Thursday morning at Quincy, Mass., in consequence of the refusal of the members of the Manufacturers' association to endorse the closed shop feature of the agreement reached by the conference committee. The strike will affect all the granite manufacturers in Quincy with the exception of twenty-five of the smaller firms, which do not belong to the Manufacturers' association.

Five Men Drowned

Caught by a big wave as they were crossing the bar a mile and a half off Plum Island, at the mouth of the Merrimack river, nine men who were on a pleasure cruise in a naphtha launch owned by George E. Bailey of this city were capsized and five of the men were drowned and their bodies swept out to sea by the ebb tide, while Captain Bailey and three others were picked up by passing boats.

BABY BOY HAD ITCHING HUMOR

Which Broke Out In Different Places—Nothing Would Help Him—Mother Almost in Despair—Skin Quickly Healed Without a Scar and Trouble Has Never Returned

SINCE USING CUTICURA MOTHER GIVES IT PRAISE

"Several months ago, my little boy, now two and a half years old, began to break out with itching sores. I began to doctor him, and as soon as I got them healed up in one place they would break out in another. I was almost in despair. I could not get anything that would help him. One evening I read a testimonial from a lady who had cured her little boy with Cuticura. I began to use the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and after using them three times, the sores commenced to heal. He is now well, and not a scar is left on his body. They have never returned nor left him with bad blood, as one would think. Cuticura Remedies are the best I have ever tried, and they are surely great. I shall always have them in the house, handy, and shall highly recommend them to any one who is suffering likewise. I cannot give them too much praise. Mrs. William Geeding, 102 Washington St., Attica, Ind., July 22, 1907."

ITCHING TORMENTS

From little patches of eczema, tetter, milk crust, psoriasis, etc., on the skin, scalp, or hands of infants, children, or adults are instantly relieved and speedily cured, in the majority of cases, by warm baths with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure, assisted, when necessary, by mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent. Cuticura Remedies are guaranteed absolutely pure.

Cuticura Soap (25c.) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c.) to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura Resolvent (50c.) (or in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c per vial of 60) to Purify the Blood, sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

Build Your Own Fortune.

Do not depend upon a legacy or the help of others, but start to-day to lay the foundation of your own fortune.

An account with the Industrial Trust Company will be a great advantage to you.

4 per cent. Interest Paid on Savings Accounts.

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Easter Attractions in Millinery

Those desiring a nice Trimmed Hat or Toque will find an immense selection here

SPECIAL FOR EASTER TRADE We have a fine Selection of Childrens Hats ready trimmed at Popular Prices

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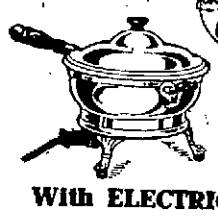
CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

SOUVENIR POSTALS.

You can find anything you want in our assortment of

SOUVENIR POSTAL CARDS.

ALSO A VERY COMPLETE LINE OF

NICE STATIONERY

FROM TEN CENTS PER BOX UP.

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27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

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SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

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PERRY HOUSE,

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

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SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

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Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—8:30 p. m.

Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,

6-9 Real Estate Agent

Mrs. White's Letter.

Mrs. White, walking slowly and noiselessly through the front hall, was startled by a sudden thump, thump, behind her. Turning her head she saw the letters which the postman, on his morning round, had just dropped through the opening in the door.

Was there something for her perhaps? Anyway she would see, and turning back she looked them over, selected one, and started off with it in her mouth.

Why do you look so surprised, my dears? Oh! I see, you thought Mrs. White was a lady! No, indeed, she was just a great pussy cat, the pride and pet of the boarding house where she lived.

Well, as I said, she was just going off with a letter in her mouth when her mistress entered in answer to the postman's ring.

"Why, Pussy-cat White, what are you doing with one of the boarder's letters?" she asked, taking it away and putting it with others she gathered up from the floor.

With tail erect Mrs. White followed her mistress into the dining room showing by her very walk that she thought herself ill treated. She jumped up on her favorite cushion on the couch and curled up comfortably as if preparing for a good nap. She kept a watchful eye, however, on the letters which were laid on a tray on a small side table.

No sooner had her mistress left the room than Mrs. White with an agile leap was on the table, again selecting a certain letter with which she jumped to the floor.

Katie, the maid, coming in with some dishes a little later, found her rolling on the floor with the letter between her paws.

"Sure, but ye're makin' very bold with other paypleis letters," said Katie; and she rescued the letter a second time, putting them all, for greater safety, on the mantel.

Deprived of her treasure, Mrs. White showed her displeasure by several vigorous "meows," but seeing that entreaty did not avail, she resorted to strategem, and retired under the table where Katie left her apparently fast asleep.

Did Mrs. White know that the third time never fails? Be that as it may, she resumed her efforts on Katie's departure, jumping this time to the back of a chair, which stood just under the shelf, whence she pawed the letters to the floor till she found the one she wanted, and this time, to set her seal on it, she bit the corner off.

In the meantime, Mrs. Mason, hearing from Katie what she had seen in the dining-room, suspected that Mrs. White would not give up her attempt without another trial, and went to see for herself what was going on. Her eyes fell upon the letters scattered upon the floor. She looked about for Mrs. White, and finally found her apparently sleeping the sleep of a good and virtuous cat, but the bitten letter by her side betrayed her.

"You naughty cat!" cried Mrs. Mason, pouncing on the offender, "whose letter is it that you are so determined to open?" and turning it over she read the address, Mrs. White, 40 Clifton street, Boston, Mass.

"Well, now, who is Mrs. White? We haven't any one of that name in this family," she said slowly.

Suddenly a light broke over her puzzled face, and her tone changed to one of pride and pleasure as she exclaimed:—

"Why it's your letter, Mrs. White, and you knew it all the time! You certainly are the smartest cat in this city. Of course, you wanted your own letter. And you shall have it," she added, as she opened it and handed over the small bunch of dried catnip, which Mrs. White's keen scent had detected as soon as her nose had touched it.

With ears pricked up the great cat responded to her mistress's praise, first rising, then rubbing against her arm and purring loudly as she received the catnip, for which her mouth had watered all the morning.

A line was written on the page which enclosed the catnip, and this Mrs. Mason read aloud as follows: "Here's the catnip I promised you last week, Kitty-cat White. I hope you'll enjoy it."

As she read it Mrs. Mason said, "Well, now, I do remember that Grace promised you that, but I never should have thought of it again."

At noon Mrs. White, adorned with a fresh blue ribbon around her snow-white neck, received calmly many compliments, as one after another heard the story of her intelligence and determination. But the praise did not turn her head, and to this day she continues to enjoy the reputation that she gained on the day when she received her first and only letter.—Georgia M. Root.

One Short.

She asked him if he was the photographer. He said he was.

She asked him if he took children's pictures. He said he did.

She asked him how much he charged. He said, "Four dollars a dozen."

"Then I'll have to go somewhere else," she replied; "I only have eleven."—Success Magazine.

Revenge.

"It took you an awfully long time to pull that fellow's tooth," said the assistant.

"Yes," answered the dentist grimly. "He married the girl I loved!"

Maple Syrup.

Maple syrup which has fermented and become sour can be freshened by heating to the boiling point and adding a little soda. Stir thoroughly, then skim.

On the mighty deep.

The great ocean liner rolled and pitched.

"Henry," faltered the young bride, "do you still love me?"

"More than ever, darling!" was Henry's fervent answer.

Then there was an eloquent silence.

"Henry," she gasped, turning her pale, ghastly face away, "I thought that would make me feel better, but it doesn't!"—Southwestern's Book.

"When a man whistles at his work, I suppose he is happy?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Sirius Barker, "but I hate the sort of man who can't be happy without making every one else miserable."—Washington Star.

First Shad—Was your brother superstitious?

Second Shad—Yes. Just after boasting he touched wood.—New York Sun.

When a wise man is too tired to think his talk is sure to sound foolish.

The Absent-Minded Mr. Discobble.

Mr. Discobble's wife says that he is the most absent-minded man in the world. She finds it necessary to look him over every morning before he leaves for the city, lest he should appear at his office in his pajamas some day. Possibly affairs are not as bad as she thinks, but on the day that she entertained the Woman's Higher Culture Club Mrs. Discobble took great pains to caution her husband not to forget to purchase the bridge favors.

"Now," she said in the morning, as he was about to leave for the day, "do please try and remember to go to Johnson's next door to the office, and get twenty-five of the handsomest favors in the store and send them out here with a boy the first thing after dinner. I might send a messenger boy to get them, but I am afraid that he wouldn't know what to select, and you, dear, have such good taste! Now, don't forget to buy them—and pay for them. Don't have such a small bill charged.

Mr. Discobble promised faithfully to remember, and promptly forgot all about the matter until he reached the office. Then his eyes lighted on the string his wife had tied about his finger.

"Great Scott!" he cried, "those favors!"

Half an hour later, as he was opening his mail, he came across a letter from his wife.

"Don't forget those favors," it read, "and be sure to pay for them."

"H'm, that's all right," muttered Mr. Discobble, abstractedly. "I did nearly forget them.

Shortly after his receipt of the letter his wife called him up on the telephone.

"Have you got those favors?" she inquired.

"By Jove!" answered her husband, "I did almost forget them!"

At noon Mr. Discobble left the office, to be gone the remainder of the day. At 6 o'clock he walked up the path to his home, tired but happy in the consciousness that his day's work was over.

At the door of the house his wife met him, in a plainly wrathful mood.

"Wretched man!" she cried.

Mr. Discobble surveyed her amazedly for a moment; then an awful thought pierced his mind.

"Why," he stammered, "I didn't forget those favors after all, did I?"

"No," she cried; "but three times this afternoon you sent a boy here with twenty-five of them each time!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Cocaine Menace.

A new temptation, the cocaine habit, menaces adolescence. Dr. Charles Harrington, secretary of the state board of health, and lecturer at Harvard, set forth the evils of the drug, and its growing use in various forms among boys, at the Harvard Medical Society on the evening of Saturday, April 25. Cocaine numbs the moral principles, and leads to premature graves by way of the insane asylums. The cocaine victim is hard to reclaim, because he has no desire to be reclaimed. Dr. Harrington has himself obtained preventive legislation, which has just gone into effect, against cocaine in the form of a supplement to the drugs act in Massachusetts, forbidding its sale in any form except on a doctor's order. He deserves the gratitude of parents and of the public generally.—Boston Pilot.

A guest at one of the big hotels who, apparently, hadn't spent his entire life in town, rushed up to the clerk the other evening with a glare in his eye.

"Somebody's been sleepin' in my bed while I was out this afternoon," he said. "How many people have you rented my room to, anyway? The window has been up all afternoon, and yet when I went to arrange the bedclothes, the bed was warm as if somebody had just been in there taking a nap on it."

"Maybe the bed had got pushed over close to the radiator," suggested the clerk.

"Oh!" said the guest.

The mail opener of the Life-Elixir Reviving Company frowned.

"What's the trouble?" asked the secretary.

"Kick," says the mail opener, briefly, losing a communication to his superior.

And the secretary read:

"der Surs you advertised your tonik wood make a new man of Me I bot a bottil but it faled to Wurk, the copers Reknized me without no trouble on the First job I done, so here I am, to the Hay for you and Your medisinel No. A 87007694, Cell 13, Slug Slug.—Hardware Hints.

In the neighborhood of Shanghai an English sailor on his way to the foreigners' burial ground to lay a wreath on the grave of a former comrade met an intelligent looking native carrying a pot of rice.

"Hello, John!" he hailed, "where are you going with that 'ere?"

"I takee pit on glave—glave of my flien," said the Chinaman.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the sailor, "and when do you expect your friend to come up and eat it?"

John was silent a moment and then replied, "All time samee your flien' come up and smellee your flowers."

He was filling his first prescription and when he handed it to the lady he told her it was a dollar and ten cents.

She paid the dollar ten and after she had gone he informed the proprietor that the dollar was counterfeit. The proprietor looked over his glasses at the young man and said:

"Well, how about the ten cents—is that good money?"

The young man answered in the affirmative.

"Oh, well," the proprietor replied, "that's not so bad—we still make a nickel."—Success.

"I want some collars for my husband," said a woman in a hosiery shop, "but I am afraid I have forgotten the size."

"Thirteen and a half, ma'am?" suggested the assistant.

"That's it. How on earth did you know?"

"Gentleman who let their wives buy their collars for 'em are almost always about that size, ma'am," explained the observant one.—Tit-Bits.

"Cheer up, old man," said the consoling friend. "You know love laughs at locksmith."

"Yes, I know," replied the dejected lover. "But her father ain't a locksmith; he's a boilermaker.—Detroit Free Press.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

The Price Of Liberty.

(Ellis O. Jones in Success Magazine.)

"How do you manage your railroads in this country?" inquired the man from Mars. "In those countries of what you called the Old World which I have visited, they are owned and managed by the government."

"Inasmuch as I have never been abroad," replied the politician, "I must of course conclude that their methods are purely theoretical. We, in this country, pride ourselves on being practical."

"May I ask you to explain?" said the man from Mars.

"Certainly," replied the politician. "Our practise proceeds on the theory that the government is too poor and too inefficient to own and manage our railways. Accordingly, the work is turned over to private individuals."

"And are the individuals trustworthy?"

"By no means," said the politician. "We have to appoint railroad commissions to watch them."

"The commissions, then, are to be depended upon?"

"Not at all. They are watched by the Legislatures."

"And the Legislatures?"

"They in turn are watched by the magazines."

"Oh, I see, the magazines are the final arbiters. That is very interesting."

"No, you are mistaken. The magazines are watched by the people."

"Of course. It finally gets back to the people. They act upon the information provided by the magazines. Surely the people do not need watching."

"Wrong again. That's where we come in," said the politician, proudly sticking his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat. "We have to watch the people to keep them from watching us."

"And how does it all work?" inquired the man from Mars.

"We are living very easy, thank you," answered the politician.

The Rev. Dr. C. M. Lamson, once president of the American board of foreign missions, was called as a pastor over a parish and was undergoing examination before a council when the question was asked him, "Do you believe in a hell?"

The retiring clergyman of the parish sat beside him and, giving him a nudge, said: "Tell them yes. If you don't now you will before you have been here six months."—Argonaut.

A minister meeting a neighbor's boy who had just come out of a fight on a New Year's Day with a fearfully black eye, put his hand on the boy's head and said:

"My boy, I pray you will never receive another black eye."

"That's all right," said the boy. "You go home and pray over your own kid. I gave him two of 'em."

"You're looking for new quarters, I hear," said Kidder, at the breakfast table.

"Yes," replied the talkative boarder. "Why?"

"Here's an ad in the paper that should interest you particularly: 'To rent—Nice room for gent with gas.'"—Philadelphia Press.

"He's been in Paris for a year, I believe. He must be very wealthy."

"Well, he used to have more money than he knew what to do with."

"You mean he isn't as wealthy as he was?"

"Oh, no; I mean he has been in Paris long enough to acquire more knowledge."—Philadelphia Press.

"You must keep your mouth shut when you're in the water," said the nurse as she gave little Tommy a bath. "If you don't, you'll swallow some of it."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Tommy. "There's plenty more in the pipes, ain't there?"—Lippincott's.

"Charity begins at home," remarked Titewad to the beggar.

"That so?" replied the mendicant. "Spozen you ask me up to your house for dinner, then?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

"In learning," proudly said the birch,
"I once played quite a part;
Whenever little boys were dull,
Way, I could make 'em smart."
—From St. Nicholas.

"You Americans don't appreciate art," said the man from abroad.

"We don't, eh?" rejoined the earnest patriot. "Why, we pay some opera singers more than we do baseball players!"—Washington Star.

The Constable—Yes, your worship, the prisoner is a most suspicious character.

The Accused (indignantly)—It's him that's suspeechus. Aw'm no suspeechus o' onybody!—Punch.

I'm going to be a bacheldore—I'm sentenced so for life;
I'll never have a honeymoon, I'll never have a wife.
I'll never laugh at biscuits which are amateur and raw,
I'll never have a visit from a bustling mother'n law.
With none to share my triumphs or to soothe away my tears,
I'll step in single harness down the long and lonely years.
But, Oh, it isn't my fault; I'm no part—don't you see?—
I love a lot of ladies, but they
Don't
Love
Me.
—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

How oft is genius without heart,
Insensible and cold.
We listeners humbly pay for art,
The singer slags for gold.
—Washington Star.

The Ring Finger.

To the question often asked why the marriage ring should be placed on the left hand many answers are given. Some say because the left hand is much less used than the right, and therefore the ring is less liable to get broken. In the British Apollo of 1738 it is stated that for the same reason the fourth finger was chosen, which is not only less used than either of the rest, but is more capable of preserving a ring from bruises, having this one quality peculiar to itself—that it cannot be extended but in company with some other finger, whereas the rest may be singly stretched out to their full length and straightness.

"One should always breathe through the nose when asleep," says a physician. If you awake and find your mouth open, get up and shut it.

Plumber—Have you got all we want for Brown's job?

Boy—Yes.

Plumber—Wot? You 'aven't forgotten nothin'? Bless my soul, 'ow d'you expect to make a plumber?—Bystander.

A THING OF THE NIGHT

The Dark and Deadly Mission of the Modern Torpedo.

ALMOST HUMAN IN ACTION.

It Starts Itself, Regulates Its Speed and Depth and Steers Itself to Its Unsuspecting Prey—Diabolical In Its Dogged Determination.

Unseen and unheard, the torpedo is a thing of the night. The gun announces its presence with thunder and flame, but the torpedo steals silently from the side of an unseen craft, and only those who released its deadly energy know that the missile is on its way.

Look at it lying upon the deck, the burnished body glittering in the sun. It is hard to believe that an object only sixteen feet long and weighing 1,200 pounds contains sufficient locked up force to sink a battleship of many thousand tons displacement and cause the loss of hundreds of lives and millions of dollars.

And yet there is a suggestion of tremendous force about the cigar shaped body that looks so threateningly solid and strong. Indeed, the torpedo at once attracts and repels the observer, having much the same effect as a beautiful snake.

Deadly as are its powers, a child could prepare the weapon for its murderous task. Nowadays simplicity is synonymous with implements of war, and man's ingenuity has made it as easy to kill our fellow men as to shell the proverbial peas. So everything about the torpedo works automatically.

Unlike other marvels of machinery, it is not even necessary to press the button. The torpedo presses the button for itself. From the moment it enters the sea it is freed from human interference. It sets itself in motion, regulates its own depth below the surface and even steers itself with a certainty that is almost human.

You can see the steering as you stand upon the deck by watching the double line of bubbles which mark its course, bending first this way and then that, but soon steadying into an unswerving line straight to the distant target.

There is something diabolical in the dogged determination with which this mass of metal refuses to be diverted from its goal.

The little rudders in the tail are always working, keeping the head pointing on its path. One might well imagine that a diminutive man were secreted within those shining walls, so accurately is the missile steered.

Strange as it may seem, this devilish ingenuity, for it is nothing else, owes its being to a child's toy. Think of the incongruity! The most deadly weapon the mind of man has ever conceived owes its practical existence to a "magic top," primarily designed to amuse children.

But such is the case, for here again we find the wonderful gyroscope using its well nigh human intelligence for a sinister purpose.

This terrible ingenuity, however, has one great advantage, and that in a peaceful direction. Practice can be carried out effectively and without danger. For this purpose the "war head" containing the charge is replaced by a "dummy" filled with wood to bring it up to the exact weight.

Three buoys are usually moored a mile or so away as a target, and the torpedo seems to spring from the vessel like a living thing, eager to reach the center buoy.

Two rows of bubbles streak from the ship in an ever lengthening line. The center buoy heaves slightly as they pass, and several hundred yards further on the bubbles suddenly cease as a silver head protrudes for a moment from the sea.

Then, with engines at rest, the shining body heaves gently up and down, consciously waiting, as it seems, for the boat to tow it back to the ship. More than this, lest it should be overlooked in a heavy sea the torpedo breathes a spiral of smoke and flame into the air to show the seekers its whereabouts.

Harmless, as we see, in practice, but think of its powers in war—deadly certainty of action, human intelligence added to superhuman powers working in secret! At any moment a veritable "bolt from the blue" may shatter a great battleship from stem to stern.

Imagine the terrible uncertainty of it all—night following night of anxious watching, long hours passed peering into the darkness to see if a black craft is lurking in the shadows! Every speck dancing before tired eyes constitutes a menace to the weary brains behind.

And then when fears are lulled, since the danger never comes and vigilance is relaxed, a gentle heaving, the prelude to a deafening roar, and the splitting of steel plates and the rushing of water, a brilliant flare in the darkness, the cries of men on the verge of death, and the work is done.

Afterward silence, while the mantle of night closes round again, and under its welcome screen a tiny craft steams in search of another prey, leaving behind only a few floating sparks to mark the last resting place of a mighty battleship and 800 human beings.

Imagine this, and you will know the tremendous moral force locked up within those burnished walls.—Exchange.

It is frequently necessary to repeat a self evident truth a great many times in order to get it believed.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Consolation.

"Wot's hup, Billy?"

"Fader says my big brudder's gorn to 'eaven."

"Don't cry"—hopefully—"mebbe 'e ain't!"—London Opinion.

A married man says it isn't the jaws of death that worry him, but the jaws of life.

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LONDON'S SAFETY VALVE.

Trafalgar Square, Where Agitators "Blow Off Steam."

There is perhaps no other great city where the measure of free speech which is accorded to agitators of all kinds is larger than it is in London. It is the practice there to give anybody and everybody a chance to spout away to his heart's content in certain well recognized places of rendezvous, such as the spacious Trafalgar square, and especially the far more spacious expanse of field or common in that portion of Hyde park where the "reformers' tree" stands and where there is room not only for thousands and tens of thousands, but even hundreds of thousands.

Ordinarily in favorable weather on almost any fine afternoon or in the early part of the evening little meetings are going on there, each having a piece of ground allotted to it by the police, but on a Sunday, from early in the morning until well into the night, these assemblages are very numerous and in full blast. Twenty, thirty, forty, even more, I have seen in operation at the same time, the speakers, men and women, haranguing to groups or to big crowds on every theme imaginable—religion, spiritualism, politics, the tariff, woman's rights, astrology, penology, the faith cure, bad literature, theosophy, socialism, anarchy, governmental abuses, the abolition of the house of lords, home rule, local reforms and the vices of the aristocracy, while the red flag was as likely to be as conspicuous as any other emblem on the poles that are stuck in the ground or on the folding platforms which are rolled in on wheels. The whole practice has long been regarded by many Englishmen as an excellent means of letting the people "blow off their steam."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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A Spokane schoolgirl was required to write an essay of 250 words about an automobile. She submitted the following: "My uncle bought an automobile. He was riding out in the country when it busted going up a long hill. I guess this is about 50 words. The other 200 are what my uncle said while he was walking back to town, but they are not fit for publication."—The Copper News.

"Does your friend the editor give you any encouragement?" asked the would-be poet's friend.

"He's never said anything encouraging, but once," replied Reimer, "and that was yesterday. He saw me in a brown study and he said: 'A penny for your thoughts.'"—Philadelphia Press.

When some men start out to look for the deserving poor their first step is in front of a mirror.

Cat Superstition.

Began in Egypt and Has Persisted Till Present Day.

Of all the domesticated animal companions of man, there attaches to the cat alone an air of mystery. This is doubtless due to the animal's weird-looking eyes, its peculiar habits, stealthy movements, night prowling and its strange vocal accomplishments, ranging from soft, musical "mewing" to the "wailing shriek," described by Poe, "half of horror and half of triumph; such as might have arisen only out of hell, conjointly from the throats of the damned in their agony, and of the demons that exult in the damnation."

Upon this atmosphere of mystery which attaches to the cat and the widespread belief that the animal exercises a mysterious influence over the lives and destinies of human beings, the poet Poe founded his grewsome tale, "The Black Cat."

These curious beliefs and superstitions attaching to the cat existed in very early times, says the Boston Herald. In ancient Egypt the cat was sacred to the Goddess Isis, and was held in the highest reverence. Temples were erected in its honor, and sacrifices and devotions offered up to it.

When the family cat of an Egyptian family died the members of the household were required to shave off their eyebrows. And in the City of Cairo there was within very recent years an institution for the care of destitute cats.

In Massachusetts it "brings good luck" to throw a dead black cat over the left shoulder and turn around twice, says a sage of the Kansas City Star.

In Alabama the spirit of an old maid after death takes possession of some black cat. In the same state to cut off the end of a black cat's tail and bury it under the doorstep is to keep sickness out of the family.

The belief that it is bad luck to kill a cat is general, and in Pennsylvania and Iowa is found the superstition that if a farmer kill a cat some of his stock will die.

The black cat also makes "good medicine." Here are some specimens of "cat-cure" lore.

The blood of a black cat will cure a spavined horse.

Blood from the tip of the tail of a black cat, without a single white hair, will cure a sty.

Apply the freshly removed skin of a cat as a remedy for shingles.

The heart of a black cat, applied as soon as killed, will stop bleeding from a wound.

The skin of a black cat worn in one's clothing will cure rheumatism.

Here are a few specimens of the omens which are associated with the feline:

If you dream of a cat it signifies that you have an enemy.

In Canada, Michigan and Eastern Kansas a cat of three colors bring luck, and in the last named place is regarded as a protection against fires.

A "smutty" nosed cat brings wealth to its owner.

"Up in Maine" it means poverty to own a white cat.

A spotted cat coming to your house is a luck omen.

A double-pawed cat foretells good luck.

The possession of a black cat or a black and white one brings sickness to a family.

If a cat runs across your path you will be disappointed if you do not immediately turn back.

That you will break friendship with a person to whom you give a cat is believed in New England.

In Ohio, if a neighbor's cat came listening around you may know that the neighbors are gossiping about you.

In Massachusetts a cat putting its paw over its head means company. And when the cat licks its paws that also means company, and the company will come from the direction to which its tail points.

In Labrador it means visitors when the cat scratches the door post.

When the cat washes its face it is a sign of visitors in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio.

In Eastern Kansas it is a favorable omen when the cat sits before the fire and washes its face.

After washing its face visitors will come from the direction in which the cat looks.

If a cat washes its face in the presence of several persons the first it looks at will be the first to get married and will be the first of those present to die.

If a cat washing its face before a fire pause in its ablutions and look directly at any one, that one will receive a letter, is a Kansas belief, as also is the superstition that if the cat follows one who is leaving home it presages harm. Also, that it is unlucky to move into a house where former occupants have left their cats and dogs.

In some localities it is bad luck not to move the cat when the family moves; in other localities it is an ill omen to move the cat.

The cat also runs a weather bureau: A cat "bawling" is a sign of rain in Newfoundland.

A cat eating grass indicates rain in Maine, Michigan and Massachusetts.

If a cat's fur shines and looks glossy next day will be pleasant.

In Alabama a cat washing its face means rain. In New England this statement is limited to ablutions on the part of the cat before breakfast or in the parlor.

The direction from which the cat's paw moves in washing indicates direction from which the storm will come.

In Central Maine it will storm soon if you see a cat looking out of a window.

In Kansas it means a change of weather when the cat plays and frisks about in house. And in New York a storm is looked for when an old cat frisks through the house at night.

When a cat is sharpening its claws the way its tail points indicates the direction of the wind next day, is a Maine superstition.

When a cat turns its back to the stove it means cold weather.

If the cat lies with the back of its head turned downward, it means a storm. When the cat holds its nose up in the air it signifies rain.

That putting a coal-black cat under a bushel measure when it is raining will make the rain stop, is a belief entertained in Maryland.

It is a general belief that a cat never should be left alone with a sleeping child, as the cat "may suck the child's breath."

In Ohio is found the belief that playing with a cat will make a child stupid.

The following was found within the shadow of the State University at Lawrence, Kan.: "Never take a cat near a dead person, lest the cat take the soul of the dead."

The cat and the dog are hereditary enemies because the cat once stole the right of the dog.

Grease a cat's foot and it will stay at your house.

The belief is general that cat's can't smell when their whiskers are cut off.

In New England it is regarded as unsafe to have a cat in the room during a thunder storm.

In Maine it is believed that in the tip of every cat's tail are three hairs of the devil—which accounts for the cat's disposition to prowl.

Got His Money.

The New Depositor Made Quick Work With His Check Book.

During a financial stringency a Swedish farmer in one of the middle west states had sold some hogs on the local market and upon receiving his check in payment immediately went to the local bank to realize on his sale. Upon presentment of the check the banker said to him "Do you wish the money on this check?"

"Vell, I tank I just so vell take him," was the quick reply.

"You really want the money?"

"Yah; I tank I take the mon-e."

"But do you really need the money?" asked the banker.

"Vell, no; I don't exactly need him, but I tank I take the mon-e."

"Well," said the bank, "if you really want the money of course I will give it to you, but I thought if you did not need it perhaps you might open an account and deposit the money and then check against it as you needed it."

"Den ven I send my shecks here you vill refuse to pay dem."

"Oh, no, we won't. If you open the account, we will pay your checks whenever they come in."

This seemed assuring to the Swede, and he said, "Vell, if you pays my shecks, den I open de account." And the account was opened and passbook and check book handed to the new customer.

Half an hour later a close friend of the new depositor appeared at the cashier's window and presented a check signed by his friend for the full amount of the deposit, which was promptly paid by the banker without comment.

In about an hour the Swede appeared and, walking up to the cashier's window, handed the banker his check book minus only one check, with the remark, "Vell, I don't tank I needs him any more."—Youth's Companion.

One Millionaire.

"He's a millionaire, that boy is."

The boy I was walking with looked across the way at the lad of whom my words were spoken. There was certainly nothing about the latter to suggest his wealth.

"You don't say so? It can't be really so, he looks almost shabby."

"No matter for that, I live in the same block and I know. But I did not say he was worth a million of money."

"Oh!"

The boy who was listening looked rather disappointed. Still, he was anxious to know what the other one might have, anyhow, so he asked, "What then?"

"He is what is called a millionaire of cheerfulness. He is merry and bright the whole day long, not alone when all is sweetness and light; and when it isn't he has such pluck and spirit, and such unfailing good nature, that he must have a million to draw upon, though he pays no tax upon his capital. You never see him scowling or hear him whining. So he scatters his blessings all about and is a blessing to the neighborhood. I wish there were more millionaires of cheerfulness. There might be, if everybody gathered up all the sunshine to be had and it was given out as royally as Rob who goes whistling yonder."

Then I went on, leaving Dick to wonder whether he was as rich as Rob, and if not, why not.—The Advance.

A Rash Conclusion.

"Then I am to understand that this is your final answer, Miss Stubbles?"

"My final answer."

"Nothing can move you?"

"Nothing."

"Then my life will be a lonely one and my fate a harsh one, for my uncle with whom I lived has just died and left me"—

"That fact somewhat alters the case, Henry. I cannot be harsh to one who has sustained such recent bereavement. If I could believe that you are sincere"—

"Sincere! Oh, Miss Stubbles!"

"You have certainly made an impression on my heart. Give me time to think of it."

"How long?"

"After all, why think of it? Henry, I am yours!"

"Oh, Genevieve!"

"Do not squeeze me so hard, Henry. Your poor uncle! Was he long ill?"

"Three days."

"It is too bad. You say he left you?"

"Yes; he has left me."

"How much?"

"How much? I said he had left me. He had nothing else to leave. I am alone in the world now, homeless, penniless, but with you by my side—why, she's fainted!"—London Mail.

True Politeness.

True politeness is accompanied by the calm self-possession which belongs to a noble simplicity of purpose, and unless you cultivate it and exercise it upon all occasions and toward all persons it will never be a part of yourself. The habit of treating those who are nearest to us with discourtesy and disrespect, is one that clouds the sunshine of too many homes. Politeness, respect and courtesy are exhibitions of refinement that tell much of the home education of the family. Children learn these things as they do the evil ones very early in life.

If you are young and looking for your prince, just test his home training and conduct. Do not be guided in your choice by what a young man, or lady is in the parlor; find out what his conduct is in the mother's sitting-room. Do not judge a young man by the way he tips his hat to a lady on the street, or the young lady by the way she can perform on a piano, but by the way either treats the old, especially their parents. It has been said that manners is the expression of character, and that character is formed very early in life.—Exchange.

"I've just been to see the Garlicks," said Mrs. Lapeling, laying aside her wraps. "They're all well except Mr. Garlick. He's got an awful bad knee. As near as I can make out from what the doctor says the poor man is threatened with diagnosis of the bone."—Chicago Tribune.

"Young Jenks is a somnambulist."

"I thought his aunt told me he was a Swedenborgian."—Baltimore American.

Bachelor Women.

The Girl with Money—The Homemaking Instinct.

There are no "old maids" nowadays. Instead we have the term "bachelor women." There are types of bachelor women. There is she who already has an income of her own, and who supplements it by wage-earning. It is with this type that we are at present concerned, says the London Telegraph.

There is no struggle for existence for her. Life is a good thing. Work itself is a delight, because it has not degenerated into a mere buttering of bread. It does not take up all her waking hours, and is not drudgery. It leaves a surplus of time for mental recreation, and of money for the purpose of providing for the future.

Some women of this class have insured against sickness, accident and death. They have found out that a few friendly societies have a special "court" for professional women. They know, for instance, that the payment of £3 16s 4d per year, beginning at the age of 25, insures £1 a week sick pay for 26 weeks, an annuity of 10s per week at the age of 65 and £12 funeral expenses. Thus, having tackled this question, the bachelor woman is free to turn her attention to less weighty matters.

The club is, beyond doubt, a great boon to the woman worker, especially for her who lives in rooms or in a boarding house. One can not take one's men friends into a restaurant, and offer to pay the bill, but it is an easy matter to ask friends to lunch, tea or dine with one at the club.

The woman worker thus manages as well as she can, if she is in rooms, but if she happens to have a flat of her own she can and does entertain there. Deep-rooted in nearly every woman's heart is the home-making instinct. Many a woman sighs for what the French call "the foot of earth," without in the least wishing to marry. It is this place-possessing instinct which causes so many women to set up for themselves in flats. There they feel that they can be an ego, a separate entity. The cuisine is not so good as in either club or restaurant, but the atmosphere is "homey."

Does matrimony enter into the bachelor woman's scheme? It does and it does not. She is equipped either for matrimony or for continued bachelorhood. She is more calculating than her ancestors. She calls it being more businesslike. She has for so long had to study questions pro and con, that when it comes to that of marriage she is as fully prepared to grapple with it as with any other abstruse one. She puts the advantages on one side and the disadvantages on the other. She asks herself how much she is prepared to give up. Having earned at least some of her own money, she has learned the value of it. The best type of woman prefers not to be wholly dependent upon any one. The man thinks of course, that the most lovable type is she who is wholly dependent upon her husband. The bachelor woman considers seriously the question of the remission of herself. She realizes that for two people, especially if both are strong characters, to be really happy one must, especially in the case of wife and husband, be prepared to merge individuality to some extent. It is for the woman to sink, and to sink nobly, to the occasion. If she can not do this sinking or merging, then, as a rule, she is strong enough both financially and morally to remain a bachelor.

She does not, because she is a bachelor, eschew masculine society. Some of the jolliest parties the writer has ever attended have been given by a bachelor woman at her flat. She already possesses a small income, and adds to it by painting miniatures. She has set up an extremely cozy flat. She is barely 30, and has established the right to found a salon. Her bon camaraderie disarms men of fear. Her "evenings" are very popular. One meets actors, lawyers, doctors, authors and artists there, and there is always a good flow of animated talk.

"Men come here to get cheered up," she declares. "They are always sure of finding a good fire in winter, plenty of cozy armchairs and cushions, coffee—I can not afford to provide them with anything stronger—and, then, they can smoke as they like; they know that I never object to that."

"How about your bachelor woman when she is passe? How about your vaunted independence, her sneers at the calm joys of domesticity?" ask some people. She never is passe. As a rule, she does not, and never has, sneered at domesticity. She has merely, either through force of circumstances or from deliberate choice, not known those joys herself.

"One hears a lot of cant," said Mrs. Philip Snowden the other day, "about women who do not become wives and mothers. Do the men who complain realize that many of them have never had the chance of becoming wives and mothers?"

A cynic recently said that he wondered how many women would admit that they were spinsters from necessity and not choice. There are very few women in the world who are so hopelessly ugly or so unfeelingly disagreeable as never to have evoked tender feeling in any man.

The bachelor woman does not pretend to be a very superior woman. She is anxious to make the best possible use of her life. Often, by very reason of her ambition, she is what she is.

To make a Merry Widow hat at home: Take one bicycle wheel. Superimpose on the hub one deep granite saucepan, first snipping off the handle with an ax. Stitch on cover of wine-colored velvet from your season-before-last's coat suit. Put on a three-inch binding around brim of canary colored taffeta silk from your great-grandmother's party dress. Rip 19 yards of box ruching off your shirtwaist box, and wind about crown. A soup ladle and a joint fork will give a jaunty effect if used as hatpins.—Chicago Journal.

A coal dealer whom I used to know shouted one afternoon to an employe who was driving out of the yard:

"Hold on, there, Jim! That coal can't have been weighed. It looks to me large for a ton."

Jim shouted back: "This ain't a ton, boss! It's two tons."

"Oh, all right," said the dealer in a mollified tone. "Beg your pardon. Go ahead."—Christian Register.

"See that toad? It was buried for more than a thousand years in solid rock. What do you suppose it would say if it could speak?"

"If it overheard you it probably would say that you are a liar."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Employer—See here, young man—follow your nose, can't you?

Retrousse (the office boy)—Can't do it, sir. I have no air-ship.—Bohemian.

How Eddie Preached.

He Did Not Even Have to Wait Till Sunday Morning.

"When I get big enough I'm going to be a preacher," said Eddie one day.

"What is a preacher?" asked grandma.

Eddie looked surprised.

"Don't you know what a preacher is? A preacher is a man that tells people what the Bible means. And he says, 'Thirdly, my brethren,' and everybody listens to him. It's nice to have people listen to you."

Grandma smiled according to the Mayflower. "I think you are big enough to preach now," she said.

"Really and truly, grandma?" asked the little boy, eagerly.

"Yes, really and truly."

"I'm afraid not," said Eddie, after a few moments of thought; "or I'd know how, and I don't."

"What does the preacher do first?" asked grandma.

"He takes a text, and then he 'splains it. I can't do that."

"Oh, yes you can, Eddie," said grandma. "Here's a good text for you to explain: 'Be kind to one another.'"

"There's nothing to 'splain about that," said Eddie. "You just be kind to everybody, and that's all there is of it."

"A good text, though, for my little preacher's first sermon. I should like to have him preach from it for a week."

"Preach a week! Why, grandma, I can't!" exclaimed Eddie.

"Can't be kind to everybody you meet for one week?"

Eddie looked thoughtful.

"Would that be preaching?" he asked.

"It would, and the very best kind. A good preacher has to preach in that way, or people will not listen to what he has to say in the pulpit."

"Well," said Eddie, with a sigh, "I suppose I can try, but I wasn't thinking of that kind of preaching."

"You will be showing everybody what that verse in the Bible means, you know," said grandma.

"It's not kind to the teacher to whisper in school," said Eddie the very next day: and he did not whisper once.

"It's not kind to Bridget to play along the road and keep my dinner waiting, either," and he hurried home from school.

"It's not kind to mamma when I don't do errands promptly," and he did quickly and well whatever he was bid.

Every day and all day he thought about what was kind and tried to do it. The end of the week came.

"How do you like preaching?" asked grandma.

"Why, I like it; but, grandma, I guess everybody must have been preaching about that text, for everybody has been so kind to me."—Philadelphia Record.

Every Year is Leap Year.

"That women may propose in leap year is the usually quoted, but as a matter of fact, women don't propose then any more or any less than during any other year, for they usually do the proposing, no matter how many days there are in February."

This remark was made by a woman at the close of a club meeting, who expressed her opinions freely, but insisted that she be not quoted.

"Men may think that they do the proposing," she continued, "and they do, so far as the normal words are concerned, but the woman has planned and arranged for the proposal long in advance, and has done all that was necessary to lead up to it. It is never so sudden as she makes out.

"Women invite men to propose, and it is perfectly proper that they should do so if their affection prompts it. The fact is, men are often more delicate in love affairs than women. All of you married women have experienced that. They will make the most gentle advances, no matter what it may be. If they are encouraged they proceed, and if they are not they back away gracefully. A woman is quite keen in seeing when a man begins to love her and after that she does the rest.

"Women don't stop for leap year or wait for leap year, for they are the same every year and encourage a man's love when they want it, and though they don't tell him in words to propose they tell him in language he cannot misunderstand."—New York Herald.

The Future.

"You should learn to live with an eye to the future."

"The future is what has been straining my eyes for years," answered the worried looking man. "I have stock in seven or eight undeveloped gold mines."—Washington Star.

For Over Sixty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the World. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

Temptation—The only thing one wants to yield to.

Something that will quiet the nerves, give strength to the body, induce refreshing sleep, improve the quality of the blood, and partly and brighten the complexion, is what many persons would be very glad to obtain. Carter's Iron Pills are made for exactly this class of troubles, and are remarkably successful in accomplishing the ends desired, as named above. They are useful for both men and women. Price, 50 cents a box.

Woman's sweetness to woman makes the initiated apprehensive.

Not one in twenty are free from some little ailment caused by inaction of the liver. Use Carter's Little Liver Pills. The result will be a pleasant surprise. They give positive relief.

Some people have such a sense of the decorative that they cannot speak the plain, unvarnished truth.

Have no equal as a prompt and positive cure for sick headache, biliousness, constipation, pain in the side, and all liver troubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

Attachments—What we have but do not wish.

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they make her "feel like a different person" so they all say, and their husbands say so, too!

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Women's Dep't.

Conservatism in India.

A native journal of British India says:

"Within five short years a great change has come over a section of the native population of Lahore. Certain bold men have begun to take out their wives in the evenings for a drive in open vehicles. A week ago we saw the daughter of a man of position walking with her father on the railway platform at Lahore. She was dressed in what seemed like an English gown, had English shoes on, and when her husband came up she left her father and walked about with him. Her face was quite uncovered.

Let those who have relatives in Lahore go there and see for themselves the state of things. They will see wives going out shoulder to shoulder with their husbands in the evenings, having said good-by to old restrictions. A man who would dare to reimpose the old manners on his womenkind would receive scant courtesy."

An American reads this with a smile; but is the conservatism of India any more ridiculous than the conservatism of America, which forbids a woman to go to the polls with her father or her husband and drop a slip of paper into a ballot box? The arguments put forth today against suffrage will be as amusing to the next generation as the consternation of this East Indian Editor over the "advanced" women who are so bold and unfeminine as to walk in public with uncovered faces and in company with their fathers and husbands.

Lida Calvert Obenchain.

Concerning Women.

The Ohio Legislature has just adjourned with a lot of good laws to its credit, among them one providing for the appointment of 10 women factory inspectors.

At the recent election in Aurora, Ill., the women were urged to form an "endless telephone chain", each woman pledging herself to call up five male voters every day, and urge them to vote right. If it takes as long to get people on the telephone in Aurora as it does in some other places, the women could have voted themselves in half the time.

According to a report just published by the Massachusetts Secretary of State, 856,104 men were assessed a poll-tax last year, but only 389,309 voted at the State election. The Boston Daily Advertiser sometime ago published statistics showing that, except at presidential elections, the majority of the men in Massachusetts who could register and vote never do so. Their indifference is not looked upon as a cause for debarring the more public-spirited minority from casting their ballots, and the suffragists are asking why the same reasoning should not apply to women.

The Republican State Convention of Tennessee engages in a free fight, pistols are drawn, and one delegate wields a hatchet; the Boston Common Council indulges in wild uproar, fierce vituperation, hisses and catcalls; and in Italy two members of Parliament pull each other's hair; yet no one draws the inference that men are unfit to vote. But just suppose that any of these things had happened in the National Congress of Mothers.

—Woman's Journal.

Would Women Stand For it?

By Benjamin Fay Mills.

In the economic world, we need not dread woman's competition, unless she can do the work more efficiently; and in that case, she ought to do it.

As to her fitness for the world of industry and commerce and finance, it is to be hoped that she would not take congenially to our present economic system and customs. Possibly she might not believe in our planless, hopeless and lawless cut-throat competition and selfish monopoly and stock-watering and railroad-wrecking and general frenzy of greed and gambling and graft.

Maybe she would not allow five men to so control the coal output and restrict production and advance prices, that in one year, it is said, six-thousand people were frozen to death in New York City alone.

Maybe she would not tolerate conditions under which one-tenth of the population own more than half of the national wealth. While on the one hand the very rich squander their substance in riotous living, on the other, more than one-tenth of the population of New York and one-fourth of the population of London are buried in the potter's field.

Possibly she would really believe in Brotherhood, not simply to sing about in church, but to practice in industry and commerce.

Startling Statistics.

"Statistics aren't always dry—some are interesting, even startling," said Henry Miller, in "The Great Divide." "For instance, the President of one of our women's colleges, who is especially fond of statistics in regard to the higher education of women, was telling me about her latest statistical researches the other day."

"And I find that 71½ per cent. of the college women marry," she announced emphatically, "and that 87¾ per cent. have children."—Young's Magazine.

"Ah," said Riner, "no one enjoys the feelings engendered by the approach of spring as the poet does?"

"But," put in Crittick, "think how much more everybody would enjoy spring if the poet would only keep his feelings to himself."—Philadelphia Press.

Satan was delighted to discover what it was that so many talented men were engaged in raising.

"Perhaps our town hasn't got quite so much gold pavement as some," he chuckled, "but it's got the boosters."—Puck.

Clara—I saw Miss Uppson at church this morning for the first time in almost a year. Do you suppose she had experienced a change of heart?

Maude—Possibly, but more than likely it is a change of bonnet.—St. Louis Republic.

"Miss Blaine seems like a charming girl."

"She's an unaccountable freak."

"Why so?"

"I told her a secret that I wanted to hear repeated, and she never said a word about it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Learning To Swim.

Moral Lesson Taught to a Girl with the Physical One.

From the reception hall came the sound of merry voices. Out in the sitting room Aunt Janet moved impatiently. Her silks rustled stiffly.

"Really, Mary, I wish Agnes had more independence. That Redmond girl treated her shamefully last week, and yet there is Agnes talking as sweetly as if nothing had happened. I never should stand it."

Mrs. Holmes looked up at the hard bitter lines in her sister's face, listened again to the sweet voice of her daughter as its gentle tones came drifting in to them, and replied:

"I do not think Agnes lacks spirit. You know how she used to resent a slight. But lately——"

The hall door closed. There came a breath of the outside wintry air, and a young girl dropped on a stool at her aunt's feet.

"Agnes," began her aunt, severely, "how can you treat that girl as a friend? She has been saying the meanest things about you. Mrs. Brown told me——"

"Stop, aunty!" cried Agnes, putting her fingers in her ears. "Please don't repeat it. I do not want to know."

"Why not?"

A moment's silence. Then a brave face was lifted to the stern one above it.

"Because, aunty, I am learning to swim." Turning from her aunt's astonished gaze, she looked straight into her mother's face—into the eyes so sure to understand.

"You remember, mamma, at the seashore last summer, what a time I had learning to swim. My head would go down and I come up sputtering, with such a dreadful taste in my mouth. My teacher said, 'Keep your head up and your mouth closed and you will be all right.'

"So, aunty, if I listen to all the gossip afloat, I am sure to go down with it and come up sputtering. It makes me feel badly all over. But if I keep my ears and mouth closed and my head up, I have a lovely time riding the breakers. It is so much more fun than to be sputtering all the time."

"Humph!" said her aunt; but her silks actually rustled a little more softly.—Youth's Companion.

Bungle's Bad Break.

Mr. Bungle always takes a deep and sympathetic interest in the welfare of his fellow man. While out for a stroll one day he met a friend, who seemed in a great hurry.

"Hold on, Jones," said Bungle, grabbing his friend's arm. "Why this rush?"

"Bungle," said Jones, removing his hat and wiping his brow, "I'm hotfooting it to a specialist. I believe my brain is affected."

Mr. Bungle, to allay the fears of this friend and show the customary commiseration, said, jovially:

"Pshaw, Jones, you shouldn't worry about such a little thing as that."

"Wh-hat?"

"I mean you shouldn't let such a little thing as your brain—that is, Mr. Jones, you shouldn't get so excited over nothing—of course—ah, good day, Mr. Jones!"—Bohemian.

Never Wrote Symphonies.

(From Smith's Magazine.)

Some critics pretend that no composer is truly great who has never written a symphony.

Strangely, MacDowell never wrote one, but that proves nothing; neither did Chopin. Robert Burns never wrote a novel, or an epic. Shakespeare never wrote a novel, or an epic. But their fame is fairly substantial.

MacDowell's thoughts were too romantic to find freedom in a symphony. A symphony is of course only a sonata for orchestra, and MacDowell enjoyed and used the sonata form for the piano, but the sonata for orchestra requires so sustained and elaborate a formality that the romantic modern composer rebels, or finds contentment in the shorter and freer forms known as the symphonic poem, the overture, or the suite. These forms appealed very strongly to MacDowell.

Abundant Fair Women.

(From the London Times)

Here is a paradox: Never were beautiful women more abundant, never were clothes more becoming, never was artistic cleverness more widely diffused; and yet, when these clever artists take to painting female portraits we get results as unpleasing as we see in more than half the pictures at the New Gallery.

Bacon—I see it is said that rats are judges of music.

Egbert—I guess that is right. We haven't had one in the house since we got the phonograph.—Yonkers Statesman.

"My boy," said a clergyman, "don't you know that it is wicked to catch fish on Sunday?" "But I hain't started much yet," said the boy without taking his eye off the line. "Hain't had a bite."—Judge's Library.

Mrs. Callier Downe—You looked awfully foolish when you asked me to marry you.

Mr. Callier Downe—I didn't look half so foolish as I was.

Substraction—"If an empty barrel weighs ten pounds, what can you fill it with to make it weigh seven pounds?"

"Have to give it up."

"Fill it full of holes."

When Teddy's term has gone to bliss,
Unless we're wholly daft,
The epitaph that will be his
Will be an epitaft. Life.

This world, alas,
Is filled with kickers,
Who scorn the rose
And hunt the stickers.—Washington Star.

"I want a good book for a person who is ill."

"Something religious, perhaps?"

"No; he has begun to recover."—Simplicissimus.

Mrs. Westend—You'll not find me difficult to suit, Norah.

Norah (the new maid)—I'm sure not, ma'am; I saw your husband as I came in, ma'am.—Illustrated Bits.

Charity always covers a multitude of sinners.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1908.

NOTES.

VARS FAMILY IN AMERICA.

Concerning my efforts to procure records of the Vars family in France.

Commencing in 1879 my efforts resulted in my procuring valuable evidence in Paris from the National Library and the Heraldic College of France, together with the beautiful "DeVars Coat of Arms" but I failed grievously to find any living Vars until May 1899. After a space of twenty years of continued earnest search, I was rewarded by finding at Rollin College, Paris, Prof. Jules Vars and by him his family and connections. Book 3, of Vars History, I devoted entirely to the correspondents and records I have received from France. Every letter, every record I have received from France since May 1899, is all fully translated in to English and either written by hand or Typewritten and put in order in Book No. 3. and I am very proud of the valuable work. I now have in my possession four Emblems or "Coats Armours" "Coat of Arms" which were granted by the parliaments of France at different times and places in France to the members of the Vars or de Vars family all the four beautiful emblems I have had nicely painted in their proper colors. I also have a description of another, making five.

Also by my mother I am a direct decendant of the "Saunders family" of the Nobility of England & Ireland of this family I have descriptions of three coats of Arms granted to them, therefore I inherit 8 Coats of Arms. I much doubt that any other family name in America can lay positive claim to eight Emblems of Nobility. In vars Book No. 2 there is an account of the finding and procuring of the DeVars Coat of Arms in Paris, also of the obtaining of the others. And now I feel like saying to all of the Vars family that as I am now 75 years of age with very poor health, in fact a constant suffer from sickness, and my time is fully occupied by business in order to meet necessary expenses of living and to continue my efforts in France, that I feel I have been faithful for over 26 years in trying to inform all the family of our early history to make it plain to all who wish to know. For the information of all who desire it I should be happy to see all my family history published, but I do not expect to live to see it. Perhaps someone able may arise some time and do it.

(The End.)

QUERIES.

6379. SANDERS—VAN CAMPEN—Is there a history of the Sanders family of R. I.? My grandmother was Mary Sanders, daughter of George and Lydia Sanders, granddaughter of Hezekiah Sanders of R. I. Lydia Sanders was a Depew, who were Rev. War soldiers.—I. C. A.

6380. CHACE—Can any one identify the different Chace families given below? Am very anxious to find ancestry of James.

I find in Newport, three families of Chaces whom I cannot connect with the Yarmouth-Swanzey family. James Chace, mariner with wife Rachel, who had three children recorded, and had a residence "on the road to the wind-mill," from 1712 to 1721; Capt. John Chace, mariner, merchant & Gent., who married Benedict Arnold's daughter, lived on Thames St., and had children bap. at Trinity Church, and Capt. William Chace (I suspect he was a mariner also but the records are silent) who, with his brother Abraham and sister Mary, was bap. at Trinity, but the names of his parents not given. I believe Capt. William to have been of kin to Capt. John, perhaps nephew; as the Family Bible and the public records appear to contradict that he was the son of Capt. John. I find no record to Capt. John's son William after the will of his grandmother Arnold in 1746, when she left him £1000. He was born in Newport in Jan'y, and bap. at Trinity Church in Feb'y 1732-3. Of Capt. William Chace the old Family Bible, and a "Journal" of his great granddaughter who states she got the data from her "aunt Snead" give the date of his birth 30 Nov. 1728 in Newport, but no branch of the family have his father's name. There is a seal with a lion rampant bearing a cross patouce, and S. C. intwined below. This I see is a recognized Chace crest. There was also, so the tradition goes, a chest of papers which Capt. William at his death intrusted to a neighbor, overseer of his estate, which "were to be carefully cared for, as they were proof of his heirship in a fortune which was to come to his children some day." The neighbor's house went up in smoke and the chest with it soon after. When his descendants heard of the Lawrence Townley matter, of course they thought it was the traditional fortune. But I am convinced that Capt. William would have had no chest of documents if he was only one of a large family, long settled in this country: it looks to me that he, or his parents, were late comers, and that he was the heir,—or at least the eldest heir in this country. Another fact which separates these two families, Capt. John's and Capt. William Chace's, from the Swanzey family is that they were Episcopalians, while most of the Swanzey people were either Friends, Baptists or Sabbatarians.—A. F.

ANSWERS.

6321. MANSON—If N. R. F. will give more information as to what Joseph Manson he means, with dates and residence, I may be able to assist him, as I have considerable Manson data.—A. C. M.

6365. SLOCUM—You say Mary (Slocum) Cooke was probably sister of Giles Slocum. In that case her ancestry was Giles (4), Peleg (3), Giles (2), Anthony (1). See Slocum Genealogy. Also Cornell Genealogy. I think the Briggs descent was given by me some time ago in the Newport MERCURY. You might refer to back numbers.—J. C.

6375. PECKHAM—Isaac Peckham, born ——, married ——, Jerusha Rounds of Newport, R. I. Whose son was he? Who were their children?—J. A. R.

6376. CHADWICK, PECKHAM—William Peckham married at Trinity Church, Newport, R. I., Nov. 9, 1749, Ann Chadwick. Who were the parents of William and Ann, and who were their children? Where did they reside?—A. C. P.

6377. HANNA—William Hanna married in 1756 Rebecca Peckham. Information wanted of the ascent and descent of these two.—W. H.

6378. CORNELL—Would like to know the ancestry of Captain Walter Cornell, who married Mrs. Rhoda Carter of Middletown, R. I. He was of Bristol. See R. I. Vital Records.—J. C.

Middletown.

Sunday being the date of the annual visitation of the Bishop of Rhode Island to St. Columba, the Berkeley Memorial, the pretty little chapel was filled even to the porch entrance, and many could not enter. The afternoon service, during which the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered, was one of unusual beauty and impressiveness. The natural attractiveness of this little church, the long line of choir boys from St. George's School, followed by the four clergy, Rt. Rev. Bishop Wm. N. McVicar, the Rev. John B. Dinan, the Rev. Latta Griswold, and the Rev. Arthur N. Peaslee, offered a scene to be indelibly impressed upon the minds of those who were present.

The confirmation class, which was presented by the Rev. Latta Griswold, was one of the largest which the chapel has known and numbered 24, six women and eighteen men. Ten of these were of the immediate parish and fourteen were young men from St. George's School. The Bishop's sermon was of especial helpfulness, his text being from St. Mark X, 51-52; "And Jesus answered and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I might receive my sight. And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way." The incident referred to the appeal of blind Bartimaeus to Jesus that he might receive his sight.

During the offering the vested choir sang the Easter anthem, "The Lord is my strength." The altar bore a profusion of white carnations interspersed with a foliage effect of ferns.

Sunday evening, the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church observed the 20th anniversary of the founding of the Epworth League at the town hall. A portion of the service included the annual report given by the president of the League, Miss Helen M. Ward, and the installing of the new officers for the coming year. The usual ritual was not observed, but, instead, a service of consecration was conducted by the pastor, the Rev. H. H. Critchlow, in which the congregation assisted. Mrs. Ida M. Brown sang the solo, "Glorious things of thee are spoken," and during the service, the choir was assisted by Mr. Frank T. Peckham, cornetist.

After a short anniversary address, the pastor took up the remaining topic of his subject, "What is worth while," which he has been presenting for three Sunday evenings, by speaking upon what is worth while "In reading, and in study, and in Christian service." Mr. Critchlow suggested that those things "that shall make us more intelligent for righteousness," should come under these heads; the study of the Bible, which people of all ages turn to as God's revelation of his truth; the literature of culture which brings light and truth; the literature of power which instills the heroic qualities, courage, fortitude, faith; the study of nature in all its varying phases. The test of what is worth while in regard to Christian service is the life and example of Jesus, "who went about doing good."

The Rev. H. H. Critchlow left on Monday evening for Baltimore, where in company with the Rev. Joseph Cooper, of Newport, he will attend the Methodist general conference.

The Berkeley Men's Club held their weekly meeting on Wednesday evening at the Parish House.

The ladies of the Middletown Women's Foreign Missionary Society were invited by the Newport organization to be present on Thursday to hear Mrs. Thurber, a returned medical Missionary from India.

In the absence of the Rev. H. H. Critchlow in Baltimore, his services will be conducted by the Rev. W. F. Geisler of the Thames Street Church, in the afternoon, and in the evening by Mr. E. O. Andrews of the Army and Navy Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Critchlow expects to return the middle of next week.

Professor Rhinelander of the Cambridge Divinity School will preach at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel on Sunday morning.

On Saturday of next week, May 23d, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Clarke Peckham will observe the 60th anniversary of their marriage at their home "7 Pines," Peckham avenue. An informal reception will be held in the afternoon, during which the many friends of this well known couple will have an opportunity of calling to present their congratulations. The evening will be devoted to a family reunion of the "Clan Peckham," a title which has been most appropriately bestowed upon them owing to the large number in the family and the close ties of kinship that have always existed among them.

The many friends of the late Rev. Henry Morgan Stone are to erect a memorial tablet in the Berkeley Memorial Chapel of St. Columba where he was first located upon entering the ministry and where he was ordained to the deaconate.

Following the close of the business session, at Aquidneck Grange Thursday evening, Mr. H. D. Lambert, of Kingston College, delivered an interesting lecture at the town hall on the Poultry Industry. Mr. Lambert has had an experience of 25 years in this business, which he believes is a profitable one and one that can be classed among the rapidly increasing industries of the present day. His audience numbered several gentlemen from Newport, as well as Middletown, who as poultry raisers were personally especially interested in his remarks. Appropriate to the subject an egg salad was served, with rolls and coffee by the supper committee, Mrs. Joel Peckham, Mrs. J. Overton Peckham and Mrs. Harry E. Peckham. The next meeting, May 28th, is entitled "Neighbors Night," and the evening will be in charge of Joseph A. Peckham and Miss Eliza M. Peckham.

At last we find two of about the most opposite personal influences in the country in agreement. President Roosevelt and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., are for once practically united as to the least enviable sort of multi-millionaire, and with them goes the sentiment of all classes as against the man whose face has grown hard, whose heart has turned to stone and whose nominal pleasures are at best those of tasteless and extravagant luxury.

Block Island.

Breaking away from her moorings, which was a fish trap stake, off the southwestern shore of the island, and resisting the efforts of her crew to save her, the schooner Gazette, owned by Fenner Ball, went ashore Tuesday afternoon and is a total loss. The schooner was of the ordinary fishing smack style, of about 50-ton class, and was worth about $5000. All of her crew managed to clear away in the boats and against the southeasterly gale rowed a number of miles around into the New Harbor.

The schooner was lying off the southwest shore and after breaking away from her moorings bore toward the island and went ashore at a treacherous spot about a half-mile from the life-saving station. The craft struck stern first, was hurled about by the waves and, keeling over, was thrown high upon the beach, where exposure to the huge combers soon smashed her to pieces. She was not insured.

III.

FOR SALE.

Several mortgages, discount 5 to 7 per cent. for cash.

W. G. PECKHAM,
Westfield, N. J.

A NEW PLEASURE
IN EACH
New Edison Record.

It is the Record that is new—not the Phonograph. Each new Record is as entertaining as any you ever heard when you heard it for the first time. The way to keep up your pleasure in the Edison Phonograph and get from it all the enjoyment you should, is to hear the new Records and pick out those you like. Let us help you make a selection.

Barney's
Music Store
154 Thames Street

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate at Public Auction.

To the heirs-at-law of HENRY LOCKINGER, late of Tiverton, R. I., deceased, and to all other persons interested in the premises:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by Henry Lockinger to George N. Durfee, dated January 7, 1850, and recorded with Tiverton, R. I. Deeds, Lib. 32, Fol. 317, etc., for breach of the conditions of said Mortgage Deed, and to foreclose the same, will be sold by public auction, on the premises, on THURSDAY, June 4, 1908, at 2.30 o'clock p. m., the premises described in said Mortgage Deed, as follows: A certain tract or parcel of land, together with the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in said Tiverton and bounded Northerly, by land of Abner D. Boyd, and there measuring four hundred and seventy-seven feet; Easterly, by land now or formerly of Edson V. Evans, deceased, and there measuring one hundred thirty-two feet; Southerly, by land now or formerly of said Edson V. Evans, deceased, and there measuring four hundred seventy-seven feet; and Westerly, by the Main Road, leading from Fall River to Little Compton, and there measuring one hundred thirty-two feet; containing sixty-two thousand nine hundred and sixty-four feet, square feet of land more or less, and however otherwise the same may be bounded or described is the same premises conveyed to me by deed of Edson V. Evans, recorded with Tiverton, R. I., Deeds, Book 38, Pages 67 and 68.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes or assessments whatsoever. Terms $100 cash at sale, balance within 20 days on delivery of deed.

By order of Ellen Mullens, the owner and present holder of said mortgage, who hereby gives notice of her intention to bid upon said premises at the sale or any adjournment thereof.

6-9-4w

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I. April 27, A. D. 1908.

MARY ELLA PECKHAM, Widow, and MARTHA PECKHAM WARD, present to this Court their petition, in writing, praying that Robert M. Franklin, of the City of Newport, R. I., or some other suitable person, be appointed Administrator on the estate of

ARTHUR L. PECKHAM,

late of said Middletown, who deceased intestate.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the eighteenth day of May next, A. D. 1908, at one o'clock P. M., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury.*

ALBERT L. CHASE,
Probate Clerk.

5-2-4w

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I. April 20, A. D. 1908.

LYDIA M. WARD, the Guardian of the person and estate of

ROWENA FOWLER WARD,

minor, presents to this Court her petition in writing, representing that her said ward is seized and possessed of an undivided one-third interest in and to a certain tract or parcel of land with the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said Middletown, and bounded West by land of David Peabody, South and East by land of Robert W. Smith and North by Prospect avenue, and containing one half acre of land, and that it is for the advantage of said ward to dispose of her interest in said parcel of land, and praying this Court to authorize and empower her to sell the interest of her said ward in said real estate either by private contract or public auction.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the eighteenth day of May next, A. D. 1908, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury.*

ALBERT L. CHASE,
Probate Clerk.

4-25-3w

"SPUNKUP"

"Faint Heart never won Fair Lady," you know. Don't fear that because they look so pretty and are so stylish and dressy, you can't afford one. Get up a little courage and ask the price. If you ask it here, you'll get such a happy answer.

CHINA CLOSETS.

One handsomely grained English oak with quarter sawed fronts and panelled back—all polished. Stands 63 in. high, is 35 1-2 in. wide, and 14 in. deep. The ends are bowed and shelves all grooved for plates.

Doesn't this sound awfully little to you?

$13.50

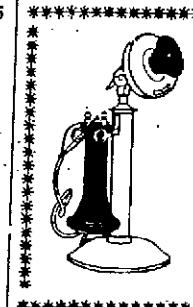
A. C. TITUS CO.,
225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,
169 THAMES STREET.



IMPOSSIBLE
To Keep Engagements
on account of stormy weather or illness? Notify your friends by telephone and the disappointment will not be so great.
PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.
LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE,
NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET

Tales Out of School.
About
Naval Officers
(and others)
by
A woman who has lived on a Man-of-War, Mary E. Hitchcock (Mrs. Roswell D. Hitchcock)
Author of
Two Women in the Klondike,
—AT—
CARR'S.

IT'S IT.
Cheapest and Best
Will not taint Water
Acid and Alkali Proof
Waterproof and time-defying
Requires no coating for many years
Coated both sides, won't rot underneath
Can be used on steep or flat roofs
Can be applied over old roofs
Elastic and Pliable
Fire-Resisting.
WHAT IS IT?
CONGO
Never-Leak
Roofing.
WHO DOES IT?
BILL SHEPLEY,
7 Oak Street.
6-2-tf

USE
Diamond Hill
BIRD
—AND—
Poultry Grit,
FREE FROM DUST,
White and Clean,
INSURES
Healthy Fowl.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.
MANUFACTURED BY
Newport Compressed Brick Co.,
Newport, R. I.
6-2-tf

TOWN OF MIDDLETOWN.

Town Tax and Poll Tax for 1908.

Assessors' Notice

MIDDLETOWN, R. I., April 25, A. D. 1908.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Assessors of Taxes, in and for the Town of Middletown, in the State of Rhode Island, &c., duly elected thereto and sworn, hereby give notice that on

TUESDAY, the nineteenth of May next, A. D. 1908,

at twelve o'clock noon,

they will assess the Town Tax ordered to be levied and assessed on the ratable property of said Town, at the annual Town Meeting of the qualified electors thereof, duly notified and legally held therein, on the first day of April instant, A. D. 1908, on the persons, corporations, estates and property liable therefor, and taxable under the laws of said State, and at the same time will assess the Poll Tax for the current year, A. D. 1908, as provided in Chapter 47, of the General Laws of said State.

The undersigned further hereby give notice that they will meet and be in session at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on

Wednesday, the twentieth day of May next, A. D. 1908; on Thursday, the twenty-first, and on Friday, the twenty-second days of said month of May,

from ten o'clock a. m. to four o'clock p. m. for the purpose of receiving a true and exact account of all the ratable property of every person, corporation and estate liable to taxation in said Town under the laws of said State, and every such person, corporation and estate liable to taxation in said Middletown aforesaid, is hereby notified and required to bring in to said Assessors, within the time aforesaid, and at the place of meeting and session of said Assessors, as hereinbefore mentioned and designated, a true and exact account of all his or its ratable estate, describing and specifying the value of every parcel of his or its real and personal estate, and make oath to the truth of said account before some one of the undersigned Assessors as aforesaid.

Whoever neglects or refuses to bring in such account, if overtaxed, shall have no remedy therefor, as provided by law. Every male person above the age of twenty years, who pays no property tax, or property tax less than one dollar, and who, if registered, would be qualified to vote, is liable to the assessment of a poll tax of one dollar, or so much thereof as with the other taxes assessed against said person shall amount to one dollar.

ISAAC LINCOLN SHERMAN,
ALDEN P. BARKER,
WILLIAM S. COGGESHALL,
JAMES WILLIS PECKHAM,
ALVIN P. SMITH,
Assessors of Taxes.

4-25-4w

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I. April 20, A. D. 1908.

LYDIA M. WARD, the Guardian of the person and estate of

HAZEL BRENTON WARD,

minor, presents to this Court her petition, in writing, representing that her said ward is seized and possessed of an undivided third interest in and to a certain tract or parcel of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said Middletown, and bounded West, by land of David Peabody; South and East, by land of Robert W. Smith; and North, by Prospect Avenue, and containing one-half acre of land and that it is for the advantage of said ward to dispose of her interest in said parcel of land, and praying this Court to authorize and empower her to sell the interest of her said ward in said real estate either by private contract or public auction.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the eighteenth day of May next, A. D. 1908, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury.*

ALBERT L. CHASE,
Probate Clerk.

4-25-4w

Shake the hand of some men, and you shake the secret out of them.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, November 1st, A. D. 1907.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 1023, issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1907, and returnable to the said Court, April twenty-eighth, A. D. 1908, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the eighteenth day of October, A. D. 1907, in favor of Abram T. Anthony, of said Newport, plaintiff, and against The Bearhaven Realty Company, a corporation owning real estate in the City of Newport in said County, defendant, I have this day at 28 minutes past 2 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, The Bearhaven Realty Company, had on the 1st day of February, A. D. 1907, at one minute past 12 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the Northwesterly corner on the Easterly side of Hammersmith Road (sometimes called Helena Road), where the parcel of land about to be described adjoins other land of said Bearhaven Realty Company, thence running in a curved line in a Southerly and Southeasterly direction along the said Hammersmith Road to Brenton Road, and thence in a curved line in a Northeasterly direction along said Brenton Road, 1,827 feet, more or less to the point of beginning, containing 6,252 acres, more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction, to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 4th day of February, A. D. 1908, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

1-11-4w

NEWPORT, SC.

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to WEDNESDAY, March 4, 1908, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, Feb. 4th, A. D. 1908—2-8-4w

NEWPORT, SC.

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to SATURDAY, April 4, 1908, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, March 4, A. D. 1908—3-7-5w

NEWPORT, SC.

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to MONDAY, May 4, 1908, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, April 4, A. D. 1908—4-11-4w.

NEWPORT, SC.

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to SATURDAY, June 6, 1908, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., May 4, A. D. 1908—5-9-5w

Charles R. Brayton
WILL CONTINUE
—THE—
Practice of Law
—AT—
ROOMS 1036-7
BANIGAN BUILDING,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
Telephone Union 53

A Full Line of all the
NEW
AND
Improved Varieties
OF
VEGETABLE SEEDS
FOR SALE BY
Fernando Barker.

SHOES
FOR EVERY NEED, AT
THE
T. Mumford Seabury
COMPANY,
214 Thames Street.

ORDERS FOR
Outside Painting
Inside Painting
Paper Hanging
Kalsomnning
Glazing
Will receive prompt attention
In Workmanlike manner
if given to
John O. Williams
38 BROADWAY
I AM ALSO AGENT FOR
Alfred Peats Wall Papers

Block Island and Providence.
POPULAR STEAMER NEW SHOREHAM.
Leave Commercial wharf, Newport, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 1.15 p. m., one Block Island 3.30 p. m. Returning, leave Block Island, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 8.00 a. m., the Newport, 10.00 a. m., Providence 12.30 p. m.
THE NEW ENGLAND NAVIGATION CO.
S. C. WILSON, Agent, Newport.
F. G. COLEY, A. G. P. A., New York.
5-8-tf